

SPORTS



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JANUARY 10, 1955

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PAT ON THE BACK

A salute from the editors to men and women of all ages who have fairly earned the good opinion of the world of sport, if not its tallest headlines

MARGIE MORTON

Four years ago, as a freshman in Douglas (Wyo.) High School, Margie Morton took up riflery because "it looked like fun." Today, 18 and pretty, blonde Margie has made the rifle team at the University of Arizona, where she is studying for a degree in archaeology. While still in high school, Margie was Wyoming's junior girl's champion for two years, ranked 35th nationally. She currently holds fifth place on the team, usually averages between 360 and 365 out of a possible 400 on the target range. Margie never lacks for male escorts at college but insists her heart belongs to a cowboy back home in Douglas.



JOHN DOYLE

John Joseph Doyle came to the U.S. from Killorglin, Ireland and was so fascinated with baseball that he has been at it since his teens. Now 84, he lives in Holyoke, Mass., still serves as a scout for the Chicago Cubs. In a 16-year career as player, John played every position but shortstop, managed the New York Giants and the Washington Nationals, hit .300 eight times. His greatest years were with the legendary Baltimore Orioles of 1896 and 1897 as a first baseman, when he hit .345 and .356. His biggest scouting find was Catcher Gabby Hartnett.

JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

What should the owners of the major league baseball teams do for their players? (Asked of the player representatives.)

J. NORMAN LEWIS, New York, N.Y.



Connors, Major League Baseball Players Assn.

"Improve conditions so baseball will attract the highest type men. The evolution towards that end has already started. We have many college men playing in the big leagues. The aim should be to put baseball on a par with medicine, law, engineering and other professions, the goal of the most promising boys."

RALPH KINER, Palm Springs, Calif.



Outfielder
Cleveland Indians

"Make the pension system adequate. The average big league player has 30 years of baseball behind him when he retires. At 50, I think he should get \$100 a week. Although we get 60% of World Series TV and radio and all the money from the All-Star game, we are far from that goal."

SID HUOSON, Lubbock, Texas



Pitcher
Boston Red Sox

"Give more players a chance to make the big time. That can be done by increasing the number of clubs in each league to ten. At present, baseball is practically the monopoly of the East. The West Coast is ripe for big league baseball. Los Angeles and San Francisco could easily support major teams."

ent, baseball is practically the monopoly of the East. The West Coast is ripe for big league baseball. Los Angeles and San Francisco could easily support major teams."

EDDIE YOST, S. Ozone Park, N.Y.



Third baseman
Washington Senators

"The schedule should be shortened. We now play 154 games. The games should be reduced to 140. That would give us better traveling conditions and eliminate some double-headers. I also think it would be a good idea to fly to all games. We'd get there quickly and have more time for rest."

traveling conditions and eliminate some double-headers. I also think it would be a good idea to fly to all games. We'd get there quickly and have more time for rest."

ELMER VALO, Fairmont, Pa.



Outfielder
Kansas City Athletics

"The minimum salary for a big leaguer should be boosted from \$6,000 to \$8,000. Nine out of ten boys play baseball. But there are only 400 major league players. They're the pick of the country. Raising the minimum salary to \$8,000 is more important than signing 'bonus kids,' usually money wasted."

major league players. They're the pick of the country. Raising the minimum salary to \$8,000 is more important than signing 'bonus kids,' usually money wasted."

ALLIE REYNOLDS, Oklahoma City, Okla.



Pitcher
New York Yankees

"Encourage more cordial player-owner relations. These relations are now much better than they were, but there's still room for improvement. I'd suggest more frequent meetings between the owners and our representatives. In this way they could become more sympathetic to our problems."

improvement. I'd suggest more frequent meetings between the owners and our representatives. In this way they could become more sympathetic to our problems."

SHERMAN LOLLAR, Springfield, Mo.



Catcher
Chicago White Sox

"Players should be prohibited from taking voluntary cuts in salary of more than 25%, as Kiner was after he offered to take a 40% cut. We know Ralph's motives were above reproach. But what's to prevent some manager from 'negotiating' for a 'voluntary' cut? This could be a wedge to pay less."

cut. We know Ralph's motives were above reproach. But what's to prevent some manager from 'negotiating' for a 'voluntary' cut? This could be a wedge to pay less."

HARVEY KUENN, Milwaukee, Wis.



Shortstop
Detroit Tigers

"The spring training season is too long. It should be cut down from six to four weeks with only 20 exhibition games. The 'bonus' player should be eliminated for his own good. He spends his first two years sitting on the bench when he should be playing in a minor league for experience."

bonus" player should be eliminated for his own good. He spends his first two years sitting on the bench when he should be playing in a minor league for experience."



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LAST WEEK when Vic Seixas and Tony Trabert bounded off the courts at White City Stadium in Sydney with the doubles victory which ended the Australians' four-year grip on the Davis Cup, the only person in the world happier about the outcome than the players themselves was their slim, smiling, crew-cut captain, William F. Talbert—who also happens to be SI's own tennis columnist. And in this issue Bill Talbert reviews for you the entire Davis Cup Challenge Round from his unique vantage point.

From a conversation I had with him not long before he left for Down Under, I'm sure that nothing in his long and distinguished tennis career could have pleased Talbert as much as this win. Although only 36, he has been playing since he was 14, has held 27 U.S. national titles, a long string of championships in other parts of the world, has been among the first 10 ranking players for 12 years in the U.S. and has played on six Davis Cup teams. But naturally enough, this is what he wanted most—to captain a winning Davis Cup team, especially after last year's close defeat.

To start playing tennis at all, Talbert first had to win another contest: against the diabetes he contracted at the age of nine. He has since become the world's best-known diabetic, not from exploiting it, but from presenting the perfect example to other victims of the disease of how it need not stand in the way of normal life, even that of a tennis champion. Through all his travels (more than half a million miles) and all his matches (more than 5,000) he has never been too busy to take time out to tell his encouraging story wherever there are diabetics to listen.

As a player, Bill Talbert owns a reputation as a smooth stylist and even-tempered performer on the courts, where frayed nerves are usually as visible as confetti in a Broadway parade. In 1953, even though the U.S. lost 3-2, Talbert won the warm respect of the Australian press with a public-relations job which the frenzied Aussie tennis fans did nothing to make easier, and was presented with a silver tray for his cooperation.

Because we got the Cup back, Bill Talbert undoubtedly enjoyed writing this week's story more than if we had lost. But it is written, as it would be in any case, with the sportsmanship and understanding of the game for which he has come to be known.

SI extends heartiest congratulations to the U.S. team and is happier than ever to have its captain as a regular contributor.

Henry R. Luce

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED

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COVER: Santa Anita
 Photograph by PHIL BATH

"The Sport of Kings" lives up to its name in the pageantry of Santa Anita as recorded by Photographer Phil Bath in this shot of a pack of powerful thoroughbreds being urged on by their brightly clad jockeys. For other views of this horse player's paradise and the story of the man who made it what it is today, see page 18.

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

**DEATH AND GLORY: THE WONDERFUL,
 TERRIBLE WORLD OF THE BULLFIGHT**

To millions of people in *fiesta* towns is sport elevated to the level of tragic art. But to many Americans it is little more than cruelty to animals. Now SI examines both views in a knowledgeable essay by JOHN STANTON and illustrates them with a magnificent eight-page portfolio of bullfight photographs in color by MARK KAUFFMAN.

FISHING THE FLORIDA KEYS

In the wintertime the fishing is easy and the rewards great. IN COLOR.

GROW OLD, STAY YOUNG

A chart of exercises prepared by DR. THOMAS K. CURETON which are calculated to lengthen your life.

PLUS:

THE WEEK IN BASKETBALL, THE ALL-STAR BOWLING COMPETITION AND A PREVIEW OF THE NEW BOATS

FOOTBALL'S FIESTA DAY

For five hours on New Year's Day, tens of millions of Americans spun their TV dials and saw enough football to qualify them as amateur experts. To offer the professional expert's view, SI sent Coach Red Sanders of UCLA, 1954's college football Coach of the Year, to the Rose Bowl; Oklahoma's Bud Wilkinson to the Cotton Bowl; Tennessee's General Bob Neyland to the Orange Bowl, and SI's own Herman Mickman to the Sugar Bowl, and here and on the following pages are their day's reports



OHIO 20 SOUTHERN CAL 7

by HENRY R. (Red) SANDERS

Head Coach of Unbeaten UCLA

PARADISE

I'm no authority on All-Americans but from what I saw looking through the rain and fog at the Rose Bowl, an Ohio State quarterback named Dave Leggett is an All-American if anyone is. Leggett was the man of the day, no question about that. He called a masterful game. He took advantage of every weak spot in the defense. He came up with the right call. He broke Southern Cal's heart whether he kept the ball or handed it off. He missed getting his first down on short yardage only once—and that was late in the game when it did not matter. This was my first look at the Buckeyes and at Leggett, but how the "experts" could leave him off any All-America beats me.

Usually when it comes up mud the way it did—in spades—at the Rose Bowl, you can expect everything to start all even. It was the kind of a rain that if Noah had been around he would have started the ark all over again. And that kind of water should throw the charts out the window. Only it didn't for SC. For one thing, even on a dry field, you ordinarily expect a team to fumble a few times. In a tricky offense like the split T where you sometimes flip the ball away just as you disappear in the loving arms of a couple of 220-pound linemen, you expect a few drops in the best of times. But Leggett and Ohio did not fumble once. That's the kind of thing that gets a coach talking to himself. Ohio's Coach Hayes must have had insurance.

Ohio State had a better-balanced

team. Leggett was only one of the right men for the right job. Howard Cassady was slicing on those quick openers and pitch-outs like a straight-razor across the Trojan line. Bob Watkins and Jerry Harkrader did about everything you could ask of halfbacks, rip for those crucial yards in wholesale lots.

It's hard to tell whom the weather helped. Southern Cal has a lot of speed and a lot of spirit. Ohio State's got a lot of speed and a lot of poise. I will say this: Ohio had one system of offense, the split T, and they had that letter-perfect. That sure helps prevent fumbles because you've got guys who get in the right place at the right time like a well-rehearsed ballet. Southern Cal used the multiple offense and shifted to variants of the T-formation and to the single wing. That isn't conducive to the surest of ball-handling—any time. And Ohio played it real safe. They didn't use but about four plays in the first half. The only time they switched, Leggett threw a running pass—for a touchdown.

MIRACULOUS RUN

The Trojans had a rough time with the optional—which is understandable when you've got a guy like Leggett to hand-fight. But that end of theirs, Leon Clarke, played a magnificent game. Sometimes he was playing to stop either the keep or the optional. He'd drift with the play and make the quarterback commit himself, then make the tackle either way. It takes



OHIO STATE PASS IN SECOND HALF

some doing. Southern Cal's fumbles were not disastrous but they seemed to get in the way of the Trojans being able to sustain a drive. A miraculous run kept them in the game. The score was 14-0 in the middle of the second quarter and it looked as though it would keep on going up. Then the Ohio kicker, Hubert Bobo, bobbled a pass from center and it looked like he was going to have to eat the football. Then it didn't. He got the kick off. The Trojans' Aramis Dandoy got it on the bounce on the 14-yard line and everybody scattered. Three guys bounced off him. No one but a superrunner would have even gotten started. But he did. All the way to the end zone. It

FOR SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, THE WEATHER WAS ALMOST A BIGGER STORY THAN THE GAME. IT WAS HARD TO TELL WHICH CAUSED THE MOST CHAGRIN: THE DOWNPOUR OR THE TEAM WHICH LOST AGAIN

JANUARY 10, 1955
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SAILS TO HALFBACK JERRY HAMKRADER WHO HAS GOTTEN BEHIND SOUTHERN CAL SECONDARY AFTER SLOSH THROUGH MUD

was one of the prettiest runs you or I will ever see. It put SC in the game.

In the second half the Trojans went from the 6-2-2-1 defense to the 5-3-3. They were trying to slow up those optional end runs—sending one end in hard and letting the outside corner linebacker pile up the pitch-outs. They played a real resolute game. But Ohio presented hard-running backs who could move the ball. That Hopalong Cassidy was a running son of a gun. Some people said maybe Leggett was just a good mudder. Well, on this day, that was a good thing to be.

It is hard to single out a lineman standout. For one thing, you couldn't tell one from another when they got

the mudpack on. Ohio came out in those beautiful pearl-gray uniforms with the scarlet piping on them but they looked as alike as worms in the bottom of a fish can after the first pile-up. It looked to me as though that Ohio line was handling SC pretty good. Somebody was. But the SC boys weren't strictly catchers. Ed Fouch threw a block on Ohio's Bobo on Dandoy's run that knocked the water off Bobo's back till it like to drowned the boys behind them. And I thought I heard a few teeth loosening up on some other plays—on both sides of the scrimmage line.

I have been asked whether I thought my team could have done better against Ohio State. How can I tell?

SC wasn't disgraced. They were in the game right up till the last few minutes. Jon Arnett ran from his own four-yard line to the Ohio 26 right after the Trojans stopped the Buckeyes and the score was still 14-7. A team that will do that is not discouraged. I will tell you one thing: SC will win the Coast Conference next year.

Ohio State simply dominated the game throughout. They had a simple, well-executed type of attack featuring good blocking in the line and a hard running set of backs—and a guy named Dave Leggett to steer 'em or lead 'em. That's tough to beat, rain or shine.

Turn page for Sugar Bowl



NAVY 21

MISSISSIPPI 0

by HERMAN HICKMAN

NEW ORLEANS

THE battle fought here in January 1815, in which Andy Jackson turned back the British, has been considered by many as one of the most significant in world history. But around these parts the thinking is changed now, some 140 years later. The thinking was changed New Year's Day when Navy defeated Mississippi in the Sugar Bowl.

The Middles blocked and blockaded the Rebels just as effectively as did Admiral David Glasgow Farragut's flotilla here in 1862. Both forces captured New Orleans. Both hurt the prestige of the South. Thank goodness, Farragut was from Tennessee, and Annapolis is south of the Mason-Dixon Line.

Navy was beautifully prepared for this game—a tribute to the coaching of Eddie Erdelatz. The team could not expect to be "up" emotionally after their great victory over Army. Many felt this was a pleasure trip south for the holidays, and the general consensus in this section was that Navy was Ivy-bordered and could not compete with the best in the SEC.

I was with Eddie the night before the game. He was serenely confident, even approaching cockiness, and the Navy team in action bore out the assurance of its coach. Welsh had more imagination in this game than ever before. He completely baffled Mississippi with his mixture of formations, plays and thinking. If he ever lacked poise the Army game gave it to him—and remember, Colonel Blaik, he has another year.

Actually the 21-0 score does not indicate the one-sidedness of the game. From the opening kick-off Navy was dominant. George Welsh returned that kick-off from his 11 to the 30 and the drive was on. It persisted to the Ole

JOE GATTUSO goes down, but not before three Ole Miss tacklers lie in his wake.



Miss 12-yard line. Then a 15-yard penalty for illegal use of the hands set Navy back to the 27. Welsh, on the option, pitched out to Left Halfback John Weaver who went to the Mississippi 3. From here Fullback Joe Gattuso slanted off tackle to his right for the touchdown. Weaver kicked the extra point and Navy was out front 7-0. The drive had consumed seven minutes and 30 seconds. Ole Miss had not even "come to bat" yet.

Mississippi ranked number one in the nation on defense and fifth in total offense, yet against Navy its defense was never adequate and not once could the Rebels put together a concerted drive. The huge Mississippi line (averaging 268 pounds from end to end) was consistently outcharged by the mobile Navy forwards despite the Middies' weight disadvantage of 18 pounds per man. The Rebel backs were big and fast but never managed to skirt or dent the Navy defenses. And speaking of defenses, Navy used 14 variations. Against these bewildering and tricky techniques the Mississippi attack was stagnant.

OFFICIALS DISAGREE

Nonetheless the half came with the score still just 7-0. Welsh set Halfback Weaver as a flanker to the right, then threw to Left End Ronnie Beagle who was in the end zone, but coming out of it, when he made a shoestring catch that came close to being a trapped ball. Field Judge Jimmy Hitchcock signaled a touchdown. Linesman Charles Wood, who was in a better position, ruled that while Beagle's feet were in the end zone he fell into the field of play when he caught the ball. The other officials agreed with the decision. Mississippi took over on the six-inch line and moved momentarily out of danger.

Navy took the second half kickoff and duplicated its opening performance. After Gattuso and Weaver had run through, around and over the helpless Mississippi defenses, Welsh dropped back and fired a pass to Weaver in the end zone, who simply took it away from three Rebel defenders. Shortly after, Eagle Day punted the longest distance that I've ever seen—a net of 72 yards. The ball ended up on the Navy seven. It looked as if Navy was in a deep hole, at last, down in the coffin corner. But the Midshipmen didn't know what trouble meant this day. They simply shredded the Ole Miss line. On the drive that followed, Gattuso bore the brunt of the attack. One of his plunges brought him from the Ole Miss 22 to the two-yard line



A HAPPY DAY It was for the Navy and for Middle Coach Eddie Erdelatz. Here at end of game smiling Midshipmen hoist smiling coach and carry him from the field.

(see opposite page). Then the Rebels stiffened momentarily. Twice Gattuso was stopped short but on the third try he went over. Weaver kicked his third extra point. The score was 21-0, and the ball game for all intents and purposes was over.

Whether Weaver or Gattuso was the greater in this game, I would hate to say, but enough of these backs. I'm an old guard and line coach and I saw a couple of unsung guards today put on just about the best display of guard play that I saw all season. Leonard Benzi at 180 pounds and Alexander Aronis at 183 were masters of all they surveyed. Their blocking was devastating and their defensive display was a joy to behold. But it would be unfair to single out just these two for praise.

This Navy line just might be the secret of its success. Patrick McCool filled in well for the injured Jim Royer at right tackle and John Hopkins has

certainly come a long way this season. Wilson Whitmire at center was everywhere on the defense. And of course Ron Beagle and Bill Smith at ends, who, incidentally, are from Kentucky and Alabama respectively, did not treat their Mississippi neighbors like kissing cousins. They harried the Rebel passers all afternoon and blocked opposing tackles as if they owned them.

This may sound like a one-sided story but that's the way the game was. It was fitting that a team called desire showed them in New Orleans what desire really meant.

Turn page for other Bowls

HICKMAN'S HUNCH BOWL

How his Dec. 27 picks came out

RIGHT 5
WRONG 0



GEORGIA TECH 14 ARKANSAS 6

by **BUD WILKINSON**

Bud Wilkinson, in eighth season as head coach at the University of Oklahoma, has led the Sooners to 19 straight victories. At Oklahoma, Wilkinson has always won or tied for the Big Seven title.

DALLAS

BOTH Bowden Wyatt and Bobby Dodd did beautiful jobs of getting their teams up for this one. The blocking and tackling were crisp and deadly, and both teams were fired up all the way.

I think Georgia Tech's longer bench had a lot to do with its win. Early in the game, it looked as though Arkansas was physically superior, but later,

Tech substituted with far greater frequency. This squad depth provided the physical margin which showed up so clearly in the second half.

I don't think I've ever seen a better-played college football game. Arkansas did not fumble, and Tech fumbled only once, recovering immediately. There was only one pass interception, and the boys on both teams carried out their assignments almost perfectly through 60 minutes of very rugged football. In my opinion, both Tech and Arkansas enhanced their reputations as being among the soundest fundamental teams in football today. In the final analysis it was Tech's ability to adjust defensively which brought it victory.

Coach Wyatt's Razorbacks, running

powerfully from their single wing, scored first. They punched over a touchdown when George Walker plunged two yards shortly after the second quarter opened and held their 6-0 lead until well into the third period. But as the second half opened, it rapidly became apparent Tech had solved Arkansas' single-wing power thrusts.

Tech lined up basically in a 6-2 defense but rarely were the Jackets in it when the ball was snapped. As offensive signals were called the Engineers would shift their men around, often presenting five-, seven- and even nine-man lines by the time the Arkansas plays were underway. In the first half Tech's defensive men were guessing wrong much of the time; in the second half, they were guessing right.

Defense obviously wasn't enough for Tech to win. The Engineers completed only one pass in the first half. In the second half, they went to work on the ground.

With five minutes left in the third quarter, Paul Rotenberry ran over two tacklers to score on a four-yard run. The conversion put Tech into the lead.

From there it was all Tech. Soon after the midway point in the last period, Quarterback Wade Mitchell—sticking to the ground—cupped a 43-yard drive by sneaking over from the three.

There were a lot of good ball players in the Cotton Bowl, but I have to single out Scatback Billy Thompson, the Georgia Tech fireplug, and Arkansas' All-America guard, Bud Brooks, as tops. Time after time Thompson, looking as though he would be smeared for big losses, employed a beautiful change of pace or his great speed to break into the clear. And as for Brooks—well, he came into this game with a glittering reputation and he more than lived up to his advance notices.

It was the kind of ball game, whether you were player, coach or spectator, that you would remember for years and years to come.

GEORGE VOLKERT of Georgia Tech straight-arms Buddy Benson of Arkansas.





DUKE 34

NEBRASKA 7

by **GEN. BOB NEYLAND**

Brig. Gen. Bob Neyland (USA, Ret.) is athletic director at the University of Tennessee. He was head football coach at Tennessee for 25 years and posted record of 171 victories, only 27 losses.

MIAMI

FROM the personal point of view of an old-time coach, I was surprised at the weakness in punting shown by Duke in this game, at the climax of a successful season. Another thing that shocked me was that both teams played safety men from eight to 12 yards off the line of scrimmage, even when the ball was in the shadow of the opponent's goal. Thus they completely disregarded the possibility of a disastrous quick kick sailing over the safety's head, and rolling clear down to their own goal line. Since neither team ever used a quick kick, in spite of the obvious opportunities during the game, both teams were apparently willing to allow the defensive team to play them with 11 men instead of 10.

Finally, I observed with no little disapproval the tendency of both teams to gamble for a yard on fourth down instead of punting. Duke did this one time on its own 40. Against a more formidable opponent this might well have been fatal.

But all in all, this was a spirited game in which Duke as the superior team definitely deserved its margin of victory. The Blue Devils were bigger, faster, had a much better passing attack and benefited from the smart quarterbacking of Captain Jerry Barger. Barger recognized the weak points of Nebraska's defense and kept steady pressure on those weaknesses.

Duke took advantage of them by using pitch-outs to the halfbacks and the optional run or pass to receivers in the flat. With the threat of these wide plays always hanging over their heads, the Nebraska line was

vulnerable for quick-opening plays.

An 18-yard pass to Sonny Sorrell, left end, and brilliant running by Left Halfback Bob Pascal carried to Duke's first touchdown. With only 35 seconds remaining in the half and the ball on Nebraska's two-yard line, Jerry Barger passed to End Jerry Kocourek, in the end zone, for Duke's second score.

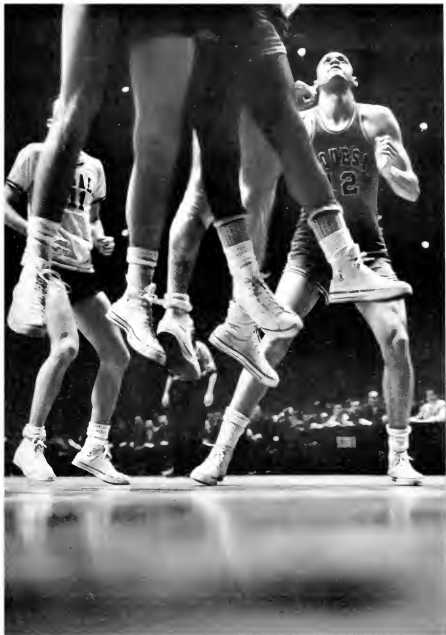
At the beginning of the third quarter, the Duke team appeared lethargic and overconfident. On a fourth-down punt from his own 37, Barger kicked to the Nebraska 45, but the ball took as crazy a bounce as I have ever seen in all my years of watching this game of football. It bounded backward for 20 yards and was finally slapped out of bounds by a Duke player two yards

behind the spot from where it was kicked. Taking heart, Nebraska moved with confidence and power for a touchdown and kicked the extra point.

Having many times in the past seen such a break turn a defeated team into a winner, I remarked to my press-box neighbor, "This is likely to be another ball game from here on out." However, it had the opposite effect. It shocked Duke out of its lethargy. The Blue Devils received the kick-off and moved to Nebraska's 19. Barger then threw to Sonny Sorrell on the five, Sorrell pivoted out of the hands of Nebraska defenders and drove across the goal line. Duke scored again on the first play of the fourth period, then once more to produce the 34-7 final.



WHAT PRICE touchdown? Hands clutch at face of Duke's McKeithan as he scores.



TWO ARE BETTER THAN ONE

BASKETBALL FANS feasted heartily during the holiday season. Their sideboard groaned under the weight of the Motor City Classic, the Gator Bowl, the Sugar Bowl, the Big Seven, the Queen City Invitational, the Blue-Gray, plus a dozen or so other major and minor elimination tournaments. But the best basketball of all was

savored at Madison Square Garden where the feature was an elimination series among eight top teams of the country.

The finalists were La Salle and Duquesne whose lineups include three All-Americans. La Salle's was tall Tom Gola, 6 feet 7 inches, probably the finest collegiate player today. The Dukes

had towering Dick Ricketts, 6 feet 7½ inches, and Sihugo Green, a 6-foot-2½ inch forward who bounds incredibly high off the floor.

Gola poured in 30 points, starred magnificently on defense but two All-Americans proved better than one. Duquesne, playing without a single substitution, beat La Salle 67-65.



HOOK SHOT is tried by Si Green of Duquesne during game against Dayton. Bill Uhl, Dayton 7-footer, makes futile attempt to block the ball.



GOLA PASSES ball out to teammate Frank Blotcher after snatching a rebound during the game against UCLA.



DUQUESNE OUT in finale with La Salle brings St. Green (front left) dashing in to take pass. Guarding center alley is Gola while Alonzo Lewis of La Salle waves his hands and prepares to block possible throw to Dick Ricketts in back court.



DRIVING HARD past La Salle Guard Fran O'Malley, Mickey Winograd, Duquesne playmaker and guard, goes in for a lay-up. Adroit.



GOLA BLOCKS one-handed push shot by high-jumping Green. Despite this failure Green managed to get 23 points, same amount.



ball handling by Winograd, who played his best game this season, helped Duker to play possession basketball, control tempo of game.

GOLA SCORES using his great height to tap the ball against the backboard. He scored last five baskets made by his team but Duquesne staved off the La Salle rally by intercepting passes, freezing the ball, forcing Explorers into costly fouls.



scored by teammate Dick Ricketts, who played fine game even after he suffered a sprained ankle from a hard fall during the first half.



STRUB'S SANTA ANITA



In horse racing's most spectacular setting a onetime second baseman and former dentist guides the destinies of prospering Santa Anita, where pansies and \$100,000 stakes bloom and \$2 bettors rate

by JIM MURRAY

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN STONE

At Belmont Park last week winter wind rattled down the backstretch and the far turn was a furrow of cold mud. At Jamaica the paddock stood silent and empty. At other tracks in other places, tufts of ghostly snow or the fierce howlings of blue northers spun across finish lines.

But out in Arcadia, Calif., a warm sun dappled down on a million pansy blossoms and a crowd of 30,000 felt a pleasurable shiver of anticipation as a gaudy gentleman in the scarlet greatcoat and furry top hat of a Dickensian outrider strode to the center of the harrowed track and raised his long-stemmed bugle to his lips. It was the call to the colors for the start of the 18th annual Santa Anita Park racing

season. A moment later a dozen sleek, shany thoroughbreds, their jockeys' silks glistening in the sunlight, burst onto the track and minced toward the starting line. To the racegoers, it was the prettiest sight in the world.

Even by California's standards, Santa Anita Park is an extravagance of beauty. It boasts beyond question the finest backdrop in American racing—the majestic Sierra Madre mountain range which looks over the backstretch, sometimes escaped in snow. Lordly Washington palms, Carolina cherry hedges, rustling pepper trees and hillsides full of blooming calendulas dot an infield which boasts the greenest grass in Southern California thanks to a heavy planting of fescue. Even the

walking paths are covered with a rust-colored red shale from which the oil has been expensively extracted. At Santa Anita, even nature is often not quite good enough.

Santa Anita Park is as successful as it is beautiful. Twenty years ago when Santa Anita first opened its doors (on Christmas Day in 1934) after Movie Producer Hal Roach and a bunch of his polo-playing pals had barely rounded up the money (\$1 million), there were more skeptics than believers. A local bank lent the track enough money to cover wagers but it wanted the money back by nightfall and sent along a crew of armed guards to make sure. "Hell, if you build a track in downtown L.A., these hicks'll step around it," the promoters were warned.

HANDLE: \$2 MILLION A DAY

What happened, of course, was that the hicks stepped some 14 miles to the east to get at the track and in such numbers as racing had never seen before. In one single season (1945-'46), a daily average of \$2,557,937 was bet. Daily attendance (1946-'47) averaged an incredible 35,247. One day (Handicap Day in 1947), so many people showed up (85,500) that a crisis was created (the plumbing caved in under the strain) and the card almost had to be canceled. Last year 27,166 persons a day showed up and bet a total of \$96,899,527, almost \$2 million a day.

The man responsible for this fairyland success of the track is a tall, rheumy-eyed, former dentist from San

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SPECTACLE

Santa Anita in action—shown here and on the following pages—is a rousing mixture of fast thoroughbreds, bright colors and busy crowds whose focus of attention is the drive to the wire



CHARLES H. STRUB looks out over the Santa Anita track, which nestles against the magnificent backdrop of the Sierra Madre mountains and draws top horses, big crowds.





Prospective bettors appraise horseflesh in Santa Anita's spacious paddock. In center of oval stands



memorial to Jockey George Woolf, killed in spill at Santa Anita. In background is 33,000-car parking lot



Flanked by the swift-moving shadows they cast upon Santa Anita's hard, fast dirt track, horses and riders maneuver for position in the early furlongs of a one-mile stakes race

Phil Sells

SOUNDTRACK

THE EDITORS NOTE WITH ADMIRATION SAMMY LEE'S REBUTTAL TO AN
ASIAN COMMUNIST, THE SECRETARY OF STATE'S DEMAND FOR TENNIS
BRIEFING AND THE DESCENT OF 26 CALIFORNIA KELPS ON NEW YORK

New broom

THE DAY BEFORE he took office as governor of New York Averell Harriman made an oblique but cutting comment on boxing's dirty business. He appointed Julius Helfand, head of the Rackets Division in Brooklyn's district attorney's office, as boxing commissioner.

Helfand is the fellow who turned up Harry Gross from under a Brooklyn stone. Bookie Gross was so prosperous that he was able to disperse \$1 million a year in bribes to crooked cops and Helfand's revelations forced a police department cleanup that got rid of a lot of bribe-takers.

Noted for a prodigious memory and extraordinary ability to concentrate on his tasks, Helfand will have a lot to concentrate on. The nerve center of the sport, Madison Square Garden, is in his bailiwick and so is Jim Norris's IBC, the aching nerve in boxing's carious tooth.

Sammy Lee speaking

SAMMY LEE, the diver, doctor of medicine and Air Force major, was frankly embarrassed a year ago when he was awarded the James E. Sullivan Memorial Trophy as "the amateur athlete who, by performance, example and good influence, did the most to advance the cause of good sportsmanship" in 1953. The fact of the matter was that Major Lee had not "performed" at all during the year.

But Major Lee had special reasons for applauding the 1954 Sullivan award which last week went to Mal Whitfield, the great middle distance runner and Olympic champion. For, in addition to giving a well-deserved, if belated, honor to a superlative athlete and good sportsman, the designation of Whitfield adds enormous weight to a continuing argument Major Lee conducted all through his recent "good will tour" of the Far East. Here's the way the argument ran, as reported by Major Lee (who is of Korean descent) in a letter from

Ceylon to a friend back in the States:

"Last night I had an argument in the public square with a rabid Communist who preached that Communism was to prevail over the world since the U.S. evidently did not want a two-doctrine world. So I asked, 'Why can't the world be an all-democratic world?' To this he answered, 'Because the capitalistic world has subjugated the colored races long enough.' I said, 'If this is so, then why am I, a member of the colored race, sitting here as a world champion and a doctor of medicine? And why, while participating in two Olympic Games and receiving the gold medal each time, have I yet to see a member of the colored races represent the Soviet Union or its satellites in this brotherly competition?' To this the Communist answered, 'You do not see Orientals yet in the Olympic Games because they are backward in the Soviet states.' I said, 'Then who in this world of two doctrines is retarding the development of the colored races?' He blustered, spluttered and finally excused himself."

As the first Negro ever to win the Sullivan Trophy, Mal Whitfield will furnish another strong case history—if anyone else cares to argue the point with Sammy Lee.

Diplomatic sweep

MEMBERS of the U.S. Davis Cup Team may be a little startled to hear that the eyes of the State Department were fixed upon them early last week during one of the most dramatic moments in current international affairs—the French parliamentary crisis



over admission of Germany to NATO and retention of the Mendès-France government. An almost unbearable tension grew as Secretary of State John Foster Dulles awaited word from Paris; to break it the Secretary turned to

briefing officers at his morning staff conference and asked: "Well, do you have any word on how the United States made out in the Davis Cup matches—if we win the Davis Cup it won't offset a defeat in the French Parliament but it will help." It is pleasant to be able to report that the Secretary needed no consolation at all as things turned out in Paris; this, however, should not completely obscure the fact that Trabert and Seixas were right behind Mendès-France all the way and that the Germany-to-NATO-to-Australia-to-Forest Hills Plan succeeded in all particulars.

Joe Louis favored to win

THERE ARE two schools of thought regarding the career of Paul Andrews, a light heavyweight who has begun to show promise of better things since Joe Louis took over his training recently, but the school that rules is taught by Joe.

Marshall Miles, Andrews' manager and once manager of Louis, wants his boy to fight the champion, Archie Moore, next month. Joe says no, not that soon.

After Andrews won a technical knockout victory in six rounds over the No. 1 contender, Boardwalk Billy Smith, at Miami the other night, Miles stood in one corner of the dressing room and Joe stood in another corner and both said opposite things. Miles declared that Paul was ready for Moore. Joe said he wasn't.

"Paul got hit too much by that Smith," Joe said, ignoring the chant of the manager. "He still needs a lot of work before he's ready for guys like Moore and Marciano and Valdes. It's not a question of a number of fights. It's time."

The squabble continued next day when Andrews went for a dip in his hotel pool. The old Bomber sat on the patio and waved a spoonful of ice cream in the general direction of his fighter.

"Paul ain't ready for Moore yet,"
continued on next page

SOUNDTRACK continued

Joe said firmly. "There's things Paul can do and there's things he can't do. There's not much of anything Moore don't know how to do—while maybe he might not do some of them as well now as he used to."

Miles, who has overmatched Andrews several times, made a face.

"Paul's fought a lot," he said. "He's in good shape and he can take the fight right away. We'll wait and see."

Joe said nothing. Obviously, he was satisfied with a previous point: "When you want to know if a race horse is ready, who do you ask, the trainer or the jockey?"

Joe was already training Gil Turner, the Philadelphia welterweight, when he took over Andrews' training last November. That was just after the elderly Joey Maxim had outpointed the youngster in spite of a right eye which had been closed in the first round. Since then Andrews had grudgingly endured the Spartan training grind that Joe himself went through in the days when he was preparing himself to win the heavyweight championship at the age of 23. Before the Smith fight, Andrews ran four to six miles every morning and boxed with live targets, in keeping with Joe's belief: "They've got to run and they've got to box. That makes fighters."

Panting through these rigors, Paul got so mad at Joe that Miles thought the boy would swing on the 235-pound ex-champion.

"He might have thought about it, yeh," Joe observed, "and I know I've gone back a long way, but I ain't went back that far."

This was said with a grin as quiet and self-assured as Joe's insistence that Andrews won't fight Moore until he has sanded the rough spots off what he firmly believes is a pretty fair piece of fighter. Or Joe won't play any more.

The soccer underground

WHILE the attention of the country was focused on football bowl games, a hard core of sports subversives met in secret sessions (as far as national publicity was concerned) at St. Petersburg, Fla. for a full week and then, just before the New Year, scattered through the country again to continue their fanatical efforts in behalf of an ideology known as soccer.

The whole affair, attended by 117 soccer players from 26 schools and by 23 card-carrying members of the United States Soccer Coaches Association, might have gone unexposed—except for local publicity—had not an SI correspondent, masquerading as a soccer addict, gained entrance to the sessions. The SI man has turned in a report that names names and flatly charges that there exists in the U.S. a strong underground movement dedicated to

spreading interest and participation in this game of soccer even if it means the overthrow of school and college football by force and violence.

The soccer boom (SI, Nov. 29) has now progressed to the point where its leaders seem to be actually brazen about their intentions. Carlton H. Reilly of Brooklyn College in New York did not even bother to lower his voice at St. Pete as he recalled that the game was played mainly between Fall River, Mass. and Baltimore up until a few years ago.

"Now," shouted Reilly, "the game is being taken up by more and more colleges in the South and the Middle West and Far West! In New York, the game is spreading like wildfire in the high schools! And many colleges are discovering that to be successful in football it's whole hog or nothing. I am glad to report that Georgetown, Fordham and Adelphi have dropped football entirely and are now playing soccer!"

When order had been restored, there was a more sobering report from another operative, John Eiler, soccer coach at Slippery Rock State Teachers College.

"I must tell you," said Eiler, "that we are having schedule trouble at Slippery Rock. Some schools in our section of the country are stubbornly resisting the trend. Carnegie Tech, Westminster, Thiel and Edinboro Teachers are dropping soccer and keeping the emphasis on football."

Spirits rose again as Al Wilson, a delegate from Yale University, got up and reported that a number of Connecticut high schools which had experimented with six-man football now had abandoned that and were concentrating on soccer. "I may say," he added, looking around carefully, "that parents in New Haven are pleased, very pleased, with soccer."

Now the wild look was back in the eyes of the delegates and soon Glenn

F. H. Warner, soccer coach of the U.S. Naval Academy, was on his feet and roaring:

"I think we have doubled the number of college soccer teams! And I venture to say that there are at least 700 high schools playing soccer up and down the country today!"

Now the feeling was so intense that there was nothing in the world to do but play a game of soccer. And so the players were split up into two squads



to represent the North and South. For the North, there were 13 players from Springfield, Mass., seven from Brooklyn College, seven from Courtland, three from West Point, two from City College, N.Y., one from Ithaca, N.Y. Bending the Mason-Dixon Line to even things, the South was represented by 18 players from Florida, seven from Navy, six from Pitt, four from Slippery Rock, three from Johns Hopkins, two from Swarthmore, and one each from Penn State and Duke.

The game was played at Stewart Field after being boldly advertised as "The Soccer Bowl." The South won, 4 to 2, but more important than that, \$1,400 was taken in at the gate (with seats at \$1 top) and the loot will be spent to make more training films, hold more soccer forums and do anything else that will further the cause of the booting game—and let the football devil take the hindmost.

Opening up the East

IN its old age Manhattan has become quite an ant bed. Its industrious millions make their way through the subways and doorways and intersections of the big maze with treasured routine. Change the routine, inject a new note, and Manhattan on first impulse frowns and fears the worst. Those in power bark in protest to preserve the status quo: "Hey, Mac, what goes? Hey, Mac, you can't do that. Hey, Mac, I got orders positively no one is admitted without no ticket."

Last week into negative old Manhattan swirled a small but very positive collegiate crowd, bearing a potted palm and 10 cases of oranges and cheering loudly for the University of California at Los Angeles. UCLA, their alma mater, is best known in this New Year time for its top-ranked football team which did NOT play in the Rose Bowl. Undismayed that there was little to cheer about back home, 26 members of the "Kelps," UCLA's official rah-rah organization, came on to Manhattan to cheer their basketball team in Madison Square Garden against the best teams of the East.



SUCCESS IN POLO

Lash fret together
Under mount;
Rider through goal posts
Doesn't count.

—BARNEY HUTCHISON

Since the Kelps thrive on cheery disorganization (the members are no longer even sure why they bear a name as common as seaweed), it's a wonder they made it all the way. They left the campus in a cut-rate bus driven by two charitable Los Angeles police officers on a round-trip budget of \$2,250—roughly what it would have cost them 100 years ago by Conestoga wagon.

They planned to ease the cost somewhat by enjoying the hospitality of other colleges along the route, but fell badly behind schedule and got little for free. The bus motor died in the first 10 miles, delaying them for 36 hours within hearing distance of a Los Angeles burlesque theater. After trading earfuls of UCLA spirit for eyefuls of Betty Roland, who is currently billed as "the ball of fire," they rolled on eastward, pausing only when necessary: 1) to remove a screwdriver which someone had carelessly left between the smoking sidewall and inner tube of one tire, 2) to play tough football with 10-year-olds, 3) to hold pep rallies at busy city intersections, and 4) to serenade the lingerie counter of an Indianapolis department store (an extravagant gesture, considering the problem of getting their emblematic palm tree through the revolving door).

In Columbus, Ohio their bus died for keeps, and the Kelps dipped into their return fare to make it the rest of the way by regular bus. A UCLA alumnus, who owns the Diplomat Hotel, put them up, four to a room, for a buck fifty a night, but beyond that the prospects looked dim. Enjoying New York in the holiday week from Christmas to New Year's is a matter of how much cash you've got or whom you know. Close to flat broke, the Kelpmen of UCLA set about getting to know everybody. "How are you this fine

day?" they asked the men of New York and "Hey! the Queen!" they shouted to the girls. Among New Yorkers this is cause enough for alarm—lotta crazy heads going around wishing everybody well and calling girls queens when most of them definitely are not.

"You can't come in here without a necktie," warned the headwaiter at the Keyboard Restaurant to four Kelpmen who, within an hour, were taking free mambo lessons as guests of the Keyboard management.

In New York you do not get behind scenes unless you know somebody. Not realizing this, three Kelpmen leaked behind the scenes of the Jackie Gleason show, which in the world of television is comparable to prying up the heavy floor vault lid at Windsor for a look at Henry the Eighth. "We waited," explains Kelpman Don Allison, "until some important people walked by the guard, and went with them. The guard says, 'Hey, Mac! Hey, Mac!' to us, and we say 'Hey, Mac! Hey, Mac!' back at him. So, we get in." That same day the same three Kelps saw a first-run movie free (by exuding more of their baffling good will), and that night they saw the last two acts of a Broadway show (from box seats, carefully timing their entrance to coincide with the intermission).

To recoup their traveling losses and assure themselves enough to get home, the Kelps won \$300 on a quiz show—more correctly, perhaps, it should be stated that they were given \$300, since the show producer, caught up in the old college spirit and noting that Kelpman Dave Hart was muddled by the last question, hissed the answer *sotto voce* from the wings.

"You can't bring a palm tree in here," the ticket taker grumbled as the Kelpmen came to Madison Square

Garden to cheer their team. "You're gonna stick somebody in the eye with that thing." The Kelpmen began to yell. Figuring no palm tree was worth all that noise, the ticket man let them through.

New York not being much of a college town, cheering in the Garden is generally an expression for something well done or an indication of approval that the contest is going the way the crowd would like it to go. The Kelps yelled all the time. And through the first half and during half-time, when the Kelps took the floor to throw oranges to the crowd, Emil Rubano, the aisle guard near their seats, wore a frown, fearing the worst from such noisy hellions. But during the second half, Kelpman John Odabashian patted Rubano's balding head now and again (as Odabashian is wont to do to waiters, ushers and all men of authority) and assured him the Kelps were men of good will. Thereafter Guard Rubano beamed. "It must be the California air," said he in glowing approval. "Never saw anybody here so loud. We get a lot of boisterous ones, the kind who throw fish. But here you got real loud gentlemen."

Since UCLA's players lost a seessaw game to All-American Tom Gois and the tricky La Salle team to take third place in the tournament, it would appear that the odyssey of the cheering Kelps is without much moral. Strictly as a basketball story, perhaps there is no moral. But in general one might say that if you compliment all the ladies, pat officialdom occasionally on the head, and pass out a few oranges, you can go a long way, even in New York.

The loused-up weekend

AFTER seven months of Technicolor disagreement in the new Vista-scope process with a little stereophonic sound thrown in, the 1955 Los Angeles Open finally got straightened out—or, in any event, there will be no double-feature the weekend of Jan. 6 through 10. Instead of a program calling for a PGA-endorsed, William B. MacDonald-sponsored Inglewood Open to be shown at the Inglewood Country Club while a separate and competing Los Angeles Open sponsored by the L.A. Junior Chamber of Commerce ran simultaneously at the Rancho Municipal Golf Course (SI, Jan. 3), the feuding parties finally got together last week and settled on one tournament. It will be called the Los Angeles Open, parts of it will be played at both courses, there will be celebrity goings-on at both courses, the LAJC will help Mr. MacDonald and Mr. MacDonald will help the LAJC.

Next week: Sherlock Holmes and Professor Moriarty in "Under One Flag" or "Son of Beau Geste."



RAH-NAH CONTINGENT from UCLA, equipped with potted palm tree and boxes of oranges, bused to Manhattan, gave Garden crowd a demonstration of Coast spirit.

TV MONEY MAY WRECK COLLEGE ATHLETICS



The NCAA program for controlling football telecasts is under attack at a meeting now being held in New York. Its creator, Robert Hall, former director of athletics at Yale, charges here that a few large schools are ready to sink all the rest in their eagerness to monopolize the TV dollar

by ROBERT HALL

COLLEGE football as it is played every Saturday in the fall by over 400 teams throughout the country is in grave danger today. Very few people seem either to realize this, understand its cause, or even care. The most succinct explanation of the game's precarious state came in a letter I received from an ardent fan, which read, "Toledo University played at home last Saturday afternoon before some 800 fans, instead of its customary average of about 6,000. I attend TU's night games but certainly not the afternoon games when I can see Notre Dame, the Big Ten teams, and other top teams on television."

Less graphically, an official in the Ohio Valley Conference writes, "It is my considered opinion that football at small institutions such as ours is financially doomed without a controlled television plan administered by the National Collegiate Athletic Association," and the executive secretary of the Southwest Athletic Conference, Howard Grubbs, says that half the teams in his group "would be dead" if it weren't for the limitations now imposed on football telecasts.

Perhaps this is overstating the case. Football is a popular game in this country and certainly many institutions will keep the sport going even if they lose money. But if they do, football will survive at the expense of other sports—intramural and minor sports in which a majority of the two and one-half million young people now enrolled in our colleges participates. For the fact is that the athletic and physical

training programs of most of the colleges in the land are from 60% to 100% financed by football receipts.

The loss of participant athletics in colleges—and that is the direct threat if Notre Dame, the Big Ten and Pacific Coast schools succeed in breaking down the limitations on football telecasting imposed by the NCAA—could have national ramifications. Lack of adequate exercise is deemed at least partly responsible for the increasing number of rejections for physical reasons by the Armed Forces. Anything that would reduce the scope of these important training programs, as a loss of athletic funds available to the colleges would, is cause for serious concern.

STAND AN ENIGMA

This is not to say that the colleges that oppose the NCAA are doing anything deliberately to hurt their country or even the athletic programs at other colleges. But the effect of the proposals which they have been advancing at the NCAA convention currently convened in New York might have one or both of these results. And unless one uncharitably assumes that these schools are inordinately interested in the sum of \$141,666.66, which was the going price for a TV game this past season, their attitude remains incomprehensible.

They certainly know that the weight of opinion is heavily against them. On seven separate occasions, both in convention and by mail referendum, the 415-member colleges of the NCAA have said by a 90% vote that they recognize

the dangers of unlimited TV. And yet the minority group has actually called the NCAA undemocratic and dictatorial for imposing reasonable limitations on the televising of football.

In December, the Big Ten even went so far as to imply that it might quit the NCAA if it couldn't have its own way. A spokesman said the conference was considering "the possible necessity of taking independent action" because it found the NCAA's present TV program "entirely unacceptable." Earlier, Big Ten officials had denied that the conference would pull out of the NCAA. Surely they realize that to ignore an NCAA ruling would have the same effect. They know, too, that if the Big Ten quits, taking Notre Dame and the PCC with it, it will wreck the NCAA and clear the way for a few large schools with monolithic football organizations to monopolize the pot of gold commercial television unhappily has to offer.

The minority position has received a surprising amount of support from a public that I can only believe is misinformed. Possibly, the public has been influenced by propaganda campaigns waged by some of these colleges; some TV networks; a trade association representing TV set manufacturers interested in a free-ticket-on-the-fifty-yard-line sales pitch; and a few newspapers which own or control TV stations—none of whom can be called exactly disinterested parties.

Since the NCAA retains no public relations agency it seems to me time

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PHEASANTS FROM THE HILL



TOSSED PHEASANT hurtles upward and away from release point on hill at left.

On an unusual hunting preserve at Millbrook, N.Y., birds are flown from a hilltop in a deliberate attempt to make it tough for the gunners below

AS THE FIRST of the 150 pheasants rose from concealing evergreens on top of the hill and flew with the wind, many of the hunters deployed below Van Alen's Hill at Millbrook, N.Y. thought: "This is going to be murder." A solid line of fire awaited the birds from a dozen or more "butts" placed in the field below. This was shooting in the English style of "driven birds," staged by John S. Martin at Wingover Shoots on the Separate Game Farm; and for the hunters it held surprises.

The pheasants found freedom in a quick burst of speed, then coasted on set wings, dropping tantalizingly toward the waiting guns. There was an outburst of firing—but not a bird fell. It looked easy; but the gunners, like

many a Briton before them, learned the hard way that an incoming pheasant is one of the most deceiving of targets.

Wingover offers paying hunters a double chance during the long preserve season—a hill shoot in the morning and conventional field-shooting afterward—and the participants got their money's worth on this day. Not all of the pheasants released on that first flight fared so well. Hard-pressed gunners remembered to take going-away shots which were easier than the crossing and dropping pheasants. Then, to vary the pace, 50 chukar partridges were flung from the hill.

After lunch, the party took to the field for the more conventional hunting (see next page). By the end of the day 79% of the birds were recovered.



RACING PHEASANT streaks for the woods and briefly offers a crossing shot to waiting "gun" below.

PRESSED SHOOTER gets set to fire second gun as leader attends to his first. This is Sportsman Laddie Sanford and wife.

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FAMED SHOT Eltinge F. Warner, a bird hunter for half a century, concentrated on the pheasants that others failed to hit.



DECAPITATED BIRD, result of knowing shot at close range, is shown by Grad Sears, retired president of United Artists.



FIELD-SHOT BIRDS which were part of the afternoon-hunt bag are carried by Jackson Schultz, who managed the day's shoot.

GUNNERS AND DOGS ROAM THE FIELDS SURROUNDING THE HILL IN A FINAL HUNT. MANY BIRDS ESCAPED INTO COUNTRYSIDE



OFF HIS ROCKER ABOUT SOCCER

Jerry Finkel of Lafayette High loves this rugged game above all others—and he's tops at it, too

BROOKLYN, N.Y.

THREE subway stops north of Coney Island there's a Brooklyn high school called Lafayette which contains a fair number of athletes off their rockers about soccer. One of them is a rangy six-foot goalie who carries 165 pounds in a very misleading sort of sleazy cowboy manner. Jerry Finkel is his name.

The odd fact about Jerry is that although he was this year's team captain he spent most of the season—until the finish, that is—sitting in the bleachers and watching his boys boot the ball around. He wasn't on the disabled list—matter of fact, he never felt better in his life. But he had parents who weren't too well adjusted to soccer. They'd said to him in September, "No more soccer for you, Jerry."

They had plenty of reason for being maladjusted to the game. Last year Jerry had managed to get a ruptured spleen. In three years of vanity playing Jerry had also been put *hors de combat* by a busted ankle, a split rib, two teeth knocked out and a thumb he couldn't even flip the pages of his history book with. A soccer goalie can take an awful beating if he gets caught in a game with his team's defenses down.

As the first week of November came along, Jerry was still sitting it out. The Frenchies, as the Lafayette team is called, were playing a bunch from Brooklyn Tech. They were in line for a shot at the borough championship. Then Tom Crisanti, who had taken Jerry's place as goalkeeper, suddenly took a dive after a ball and came up with a broken arm instead.

"I JUST KEPT NAGGING"

Three days later the Frenchies were due to play Midwood High. A day before the game, Jerry showed up in the locker room and started to get into uniform. "How come?" the coach asked.

"It's O.K.," Jerry said. "The folks broke down and said I could finish out the season. I just kept nagging until they couldn't take it anymore."

Jerry's return to action was a dream come true to his coach. In 28 years of teaching soccer he has handled a lot of goalies, some of them brilliant performers, and he ranks Jerry as one of the very best of them all. "He's built exactly right for the job," he says. "With those eight-foot crossbars you need height. And this boy also has things to go with it—quickness, perception and absolutely no fear when he goes after that ball. Also, he's one of those rare goalies who can kick just as well with either foot. Like Mickey Mantle in baseball, he's a switcher."

Jerry started his delayed soccer season by shutting out Midwood. He followed it up with another victory that clinched the borough championship, although he was scored on twice. He kept going with two more blankings in the interborough play-offs and carried the Frenchies into the finals against Grover Cleveland High School from Queens. Here he walked into serious trouble.

The Clevelanders were the defending titlants and were heavily favored, mainly because they had a center halfback named Reinhart Herink who'd been the scourge of goalies all season. The big game was more a contest between Finkel and Herink than Lafayette and Cleveland.

It had been raining for two days, and when the game was played the field was more mud than solid earth. For 50 minutes Reinhart managed to keep Jerry leaping and diving as he led a furious assault on the Frenchies' goal. But Jerry matched him, dive for kick. Then, with about 10 minutes to go, Reinhart bored in again. ("Reinhart," the referee said, between the halves, "is good enough right now to play pro. He's all over you.")



A PERFECT SAVE of cannoning shot at goal is made by Jerry at a full gallop. The goalie, last best hope of his team when defenses have been broken through, has to use his head, fists and feet as well as arms to ward off goal-line drives, which demands all-round toughness.

This time Reinhart got solidly within kicking range of Jerry's big, busy scoring gap. He feinted a kick to Jerry's right. Jerry got suckered in—he broke that way. Reinhart booted high and deep to the left. The ball whizzed in high and barely missed hitting the crossbar—but it went in. It was the first and only score of the game. The Clevelanders trooped back down the field, pounding each other on the shoulders. Jerry's teammates gathered around him and finally made him stop pounding his fists on the goalposts in despair.

ALL-SCHOLASTIC GOALIE

That was the ball game. Since his return, Jerry had given up only three goals—quite a record. But his reaction to it was to pound his fists on the wall of the dressing room. The reaction of the New York scholastic soccer coaches last week, in convention assembled, was to vote him All-Scholastic Goalie of the City of New York.

In Brazil 200,000 people have attended soccer games. At Madison Field in Brooklyn that day there might have been 100, but not many more. But nobody in Brazil ever saw a tougher, better-fought battle than the 100 people in Brooklyn saw that day between Reinhart Herink and a comeback guy named Jerry Finkel.

—DUANE DECKER

THE UNKNOWN STORY OF YOUNG JACK DEMPSEY



MAN WITH MISSION. Dempsey was still hungry fighter at peak of career. In ring he fought with fierce determination, but outside he was quiet, introspective man who hated sight of blood and bullies.

Everybody has heard the legend of Dempsey's youth. Only part of it is true. The real story—assembled for the first time by a distinguished biographer—is surprisingly different and many times more interesting

by **ROBERT COUGHLAN**

JACK DEMPSEY will be sixty years old next June, a statistic to give pause. Not that he looks it. One can see him almost any day at his Broadway restaurant, a little heavy now, the beesting yet handsome face a little pugy, but his curly hair still dark and the massive body moving lightly, lithely among the old fighters, the new hopefuls, the wolf-eyed managers, the sports-writers, the sharpies, and the plain tourists who wash in and out on a tide of nostalgia. They all want to say hello. Most of the tourists want him to sign a menu or a postcard picture of the restaurant to take home for their little boy; and rather shyly they accept Dempsey's handshake—the hand that nearly killed Willard, that destroyed Georges Carpentier in the first million-dollar gate, that crushed Firpo, Brennan, Miske, Sharkey and so many others. Here among the photomurals and red leather and chromium trim is the living legend, chewing on an unlit cigar, greeting all comers.

And the tourists go home and tell their friends and show their trophies and someone is sure to say, "They don't grow fighters like Dempsey any more." Which is the plain truth. Marciano may have a stronger punch. Louis may have had a sharper left; one can argue that Louis even was a better all-round fighter. Yet in the combination of elements—spirit, personality, ability—that make greatness, Dempsey was the alltime champion. The question is, why? What made him the marvelous fighter that he was? Agile though he remains, age inevitably is pushing him into a corner, and this is a good time to set his record straight.

Everybody knows the legend of the

early Dempsey: the raw, rough hooligan fighting his way through hobo jungles until chance paired him with a fast-talking manager called Jack Kearns; and how the two of them, Dempsey fighting and Kearns maneuvering, barnstormed the West until Dempsey became the challenger. So far as it goes, the legend is mostly true. Yet the impression it leaves is false. The young Neanderthal with the "killer instinct" was an invention of Kearns and of journalists looking for color, who were happy to interpret Dempsey's fighting crouch and snarl as manifestations of an innate blood-lust. Perhaps because he came up so fast—he was a novitiate a year and a half before he forced Willard to accept his bid—no one bothered to dig much deeper.

PULLING IN STRINGS

This writer has had many talks with Dempsey and with Kearns and others who were closely associated with him. SI's correspondents have hunted down other old acquaintances in many parts of the West, and the assembled true story is a good deal more interesting than the legend. It begins properly not in Manassa, Colorado but in West Virginia; and it begins with a religious conversion, which is not the incongruity it may seem.

Logan County in the West Virginia hills is rugged country populated by a tough breed descended from Irish and

continued on page 38

MAN OF MEANS. successful businessman Dempsey at 59 stands before painting by George Bellows in New York's Whitney Museum. Scene is famous Firpo bout when Dempsey was knocked through the ropes.



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HIS MAJESTY, THE COLONEL

Winner of more best-in-show awards than any other setter, Rock Falls Colonel is now going after the title of "The World's Greatest Show Dog"

by REGINALD WELLS

THIS noble animal is named Rock Falls Colonel. He is potentially America's all-time top dog. Despite his current eminence as the top winning setter in history, it is remarkable that he was and is, from his birth on, a household pet. The majority of high-ranking show dogs traditionally sacrifice their home life to the pursuit of blue ribbons. They spend much of their time traveling from show to show in de luxe crates, cared for by professional handlers, often not seeing their owners for months at a time. But the Colonel is handled by his amateur master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Holt of Richmond, Va., and lives at home as a member of the family.

AN UNDREAMED-OF RECORD

A veteran of 173 shows since his first in 1951, the Colonel has won best-in-breed in 162, best-of-group in 152 and best-in-show in 96. He was awarded more best-in-show ribbons than any other dog in 1952 and 1953, but last year was overtaken by the boxer Bang Away of Sirrah Crest who now has a total of 100 BIS awards. In the further course of his lifetime, however, it is more than likely that the Colonel will pass Bang Away's record-breaking mark and go on to a BIS record heretofore undreamed of in the dog world.

To the Holts who have no children, breeding dogs and showing them is a hobby and labor of love. They do not employ professional breeders and handlers and they go out of their way to make their animals members of the household, regardless of their successes. This attitude toward a sport which at best is mostly professional is exemplified in their treatment of the Colonel.

He was born on May 22, 1948 at Rock Falls, the Holts' 24-acre estate outside Richmond Va. "Even as a puppy," says Holt, "he carried his head high, was dignified and had the majestic stance and mannerisms of an old Southern colonel. That's how he got his name." At eight weeks, Holt started him on a gradual and gentle training routine which has continued ever since. By lavishing him with praise and petting, Holt taught him

to associate proper show behavior with his master's subsequent approval, which helps to account for one of the Colonel's outstanding attributes: his utter relaxation in the ring.

Of necessity the Holts have to watch the Colonel's diet and keep his weight down to a svelte 72 pounds. They feed him once a day on a pound of ground beef with hog lard and some kibbled dog food. His thick coat is carefully brushed for a half-hour each day. On the road, he travels in the Holt's black Cadillac sedan, which has the back seat removed so that he can relax on a foam rubber cushion.

The Colonel, who has his own room and double bed in the Holt home, has become a connoisseur of mattresses. Once, for instance, the only accommodation available at a motel was a room with a regular bed with a good mattress and a makeshift bunk with a lumpy one. The Colonel tested both, and chose the good one. What's more, he refused to budge and Holt finally retreated to the lumpy one.

It is this member-of-the-family treatment, Holt claims, which is responsible

for the Colonel's durability as a top show dog. He seems to thrive on the dog show grind, picking his feet up high and almost prancing whenever the crowd applauds. "He is just a natural showman—a real ham," Holt says of him fondly.

Offers of more than \$25,000 have been made for the Colonel but he is not for sale. It has cost the Holts about \$5,000, including travel and show costs, to make him what he is. The silver trophies he has won are worth about \$10,000 and fill the Holt house. Mrs. Holt is making two quilts out of some of his winning ribbons, of which she has a barrel full.

Nearly every day fan mail arrives for the Colonel from people of all ages. One 16-year-old girl wrote that she was madly in love with him. The same can truthfully be said about his owners. Mr. and Mrs. Holt think the Colonel has about two more years ahead of him as a top winner and they intend to continue entering him in shows until he has passed Bang Away's record and has undisputedly become the "all time world's greatest show dog."



ROCK FALLS COLONEL DISPLAYS CHAMPIONSHIP FORM IN POSE WITH OWNER HOLT

Anglo-Saxon frontiersmen. Religion always has been a strong factor in the lives of the hill folk, and when a Mormon missionary arrived from Utah in the mid-1870s he found good audiences, especially when he talked about the fruitful life the new Canaan promised. Logan County was poor. Hiram Dempsey (he was Irish with a touch of Choctaw) had had a little education, enough to enable him to teach in a one-room schoolhouse and to give him curiosity about the world. He and his wife Celia (she was a Smoot, English with a little Cherokee) became Mormon converts, sold some timberland he had inherited and set off with their children in a covered wagon for the West. The new Mormon community of Manassa, where they settled, was populated largely by backwoods folk from West Virginia, Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, so that the culture there—where the future champion spent his most formative years—was largely that of the Eastern mountains, flavored with the wild West and with the communal and religious spirit of Mormonism.

NIGHT'S LODGING

William Harrison Dempsey, called "Harry" during his boyhood, was born in Manassa on June 24, 1895, the ninth of Hiram and Celia Dempsey's eleven children. Some months earlier a blizzard had swept down from the mountains and a pack peddler, seeing a light in the Dempsey home, had fought through the drifts to ask refuge. Hiram was away, but Celia let him sleep in the haymow and gave him breakfast the next day. Gratefully he invited her to take anything she wanted from his goods and she asked for a book. The only one he had was a life of John L. Sullivan. When Hiram returned a few days later she told him about the fight and declared that although she had never liked men with mustaches, what she had read so far inclined her to think that Sullivan was a fine man. She continued to read in idle moments during the rest of her pregnancy and formed a high regard for John L., a prenatal influence to which, in later years, both she and her son attached importance.

Be that as it may, there is no doubt that Celia Dempsey, devout and respectable though she was, encouraged Harry to enter the ring and to fight his way through to the championship. Indeed she was the dominant influence of his life; and Dempsey, speaking of her with a sentiment which still brings

a lump to his throat, says earnestly: "I was a mama's boy."

She was a black-haired, small woman but wiry and tough, as she needed to be with her huge family and the haphazard, poverty-ridden life to which Hiram's itinerant tastes committed her. In Manassa she took in washing to help make ends meet, and at the same time kept her house neat, her children scrubbed and their raggetaggle clothing patched and the pantry filled with home-canned fruit and garden truck. Dishonesty outraged her; and she had a temper. Once, her son remembers, a gypsy woman borrowed a silver dollar from her to place in her own mouth "to make the spell work" while telling her fortune. When the fortune was done, the gypsy gulped and exclaimed that she had swallowed the money. Celia studied the situation a moment, then grabbed the woman by the neck and choked her until she turned blue and spat it out. Dempsey recalls affectionately, "She would fight a buzz saw." She had convictions. Her advice to her children was, "Live by the Golden Rule and keep a'going."

Hiram, too, was a hard worker, but he was an improvident, impractical man. Somehow, even when other farmers were doing well, he never quite made out. He cut wood as a sideline, hauled and spread manure, and sometimes dabbled in horse trading. He was sociable, played the fiddle, drank when he could afford it, and maintained a Micawberlike optimism which years of

failure could not alter. He and his wife disagreed about many things, and their arguments grew so furious that the town once appointed a committee to visit them. Celia bristled at this intrusion, so the local story goes, and ordered them away with the indignant comment that she could handle her own troubles.

UNLIKE THE OTHERS

Little Harry—"just another patch-pants kid," a contemporary remembers—was undistinguished among his teeming family except in one respect: whereas all of them, parents and children as well, were considered rather hotheaded, he was a friendly child who disliked quarreling and argument and disliked listening to it; he still does. The trace of sadism that one expects to find in great fighters seems to have been entirely absent in him. Whereas his oldest brother Bernie sometimes amused himself by pegging rocks at chickens, small Harry loved birds and animals and liked to take care of them. He was devoted to his mother and helped her with the dishes and other household work. He worried about her, for although she seldom failed to "keep a'going," she was perpetually tired and often ill. When Harry was about six, a traveling dentist pulled all her teeth. She walked home afterward, her gums bleeding heavily. That night hemorrhaging set in, and her family had to be up all night helping with cold compresses. Harry was



AS A YOUNG PUG Dempsey squared off against Johnny Sudenberg before fight in Goldfield, Nev., in 1916. Still learning, the 20-year-old Dempsey was thrashed soundly in the ensuing 10 rounder but came back 10 days later to fight Sudenberg to a draw.



PROFOUND INFLUENCE in Dempsey's life was mother Celia who encouraged him to follow in steps of John L. Sullivan.



"YOUNG DEMPSEY" was Jack's ring name at 15 when he was fighting in Salt Lake City as a promising welterweight.

horrified. From that time on the sight of blood and human injury made him feel ill. To this day he turns his head from the sight of a cut finger, and avoids looking at accidents or even reading about them: "They make me feel bad."

Cheerful, affectionate and obedient, Harry nevertheless was far from being a namby-pamby boy. He got into his share of juvenile mischief; and although he was no bigger than other boys of his age he was a natural athlete and, moreover, a natural leader to whom other boys deferred by instinct. He could run faster, hit a ball harder, and ride a balky horse better than anyone his size, and at the free-style schoolyard and back alley fighting that went on constantly he was a champion from the beginning. He was not a bully. Even now he says, "If there's anything I hate, it's a bully." But he liked to fight; and, as oldtimer Troy Sowards remembers, "He was tough as a pine knot. He was really tough. They wasn't any of 'em that run it over that boy."

POWER OF PRAYER

In Harry's eighth year he was baptized into the Mormon Church. Religion was a pervading element in the Dempsey household, with grace before meals and evening prayers and much Bible reading, and the baptism made a solemn impression on the boy. Later on during his whole career as a boxer he prayed before every important fight, and he remains a professing Mormon still, believes in the power of prayer, and, he says, sometimes prays "three or four times a day."

Hiram's old wanderlust broke loose in the same year and he decided to strike out farther west. He sold what little he had, bought two covered wagons and a light rig, and loaded his family in for a trek that was to cover 600 miles and last a year. Working wherever he could, hauling with his teams, sometimes living off the land, he at last brought his caravan to rest in a section called Uncompahgre, near Montrose, Colo., where he took an 80-acre ranch to work on shares.

There, during the next two years, Harry lived the typical, strenuous life of a ranch boy. He remembers raiding bee trees, roping bobcats, and catching the wild burros that roamed the hills and breaking them to the saddle. He had a good time; but Hiram's ambitions as usual fell through. Old neighbor John Jutten recalls, "He couldn't make out on the farm. The boys didn't know nothing. They had a little old buggy and a few old milk cows and a couple old horses."

Near Montrose the Denver and Rio Grande was boring a big tunnel and the town was filled with construction workers. Celia Dempsey saw an opportunity to make some money by opening a restaurant, so the family moved to Montrose and lived in the back of what Celia chastely named "The Rio Grande Eating House." There Harry, with the others, helped out in all sorts of work, even doing occasional cooking. This lasted a year, then the tunnel was finished and Hiram's westerling instincts took the family to a farm on the outskirts of Provo, Utah, not far from Salt Lake City.

Harry was 13, and the rest of his boyhood was passed here.

He had already made up his mind that he wanted to become a professional fighter. His oldest brother Bernie, who had graduated from street fights and backroom brawls into a fairly good professional middleweight, had appropriated the name "Jack" from the old Nonpareil Jack Dempsey (no relation) and was an object of awe to young Harry. His own schoolyard triumphs made him think that he might do as well. He was acutely and sometimes bitterly aware of the family's poverty; maybe, as a boxer, he could make them rich. Hiram approved of "physical culture" in principle. As for Celia, if that was what Harry wanted then she wanted him to be the champion, like the admirable John L.

The same influences worked also on Johnny, the next oldest to Harry, who followed in Bernie's footsteps and fought for a few years in his turn under the name "Jack Dempsey." At Provo, Harry and Johnny outfitted a chicken house on the farm as a gymnasium and trained vigorously between chores. When Johnny wasn't available, Harry would seek out one of the neighbor boys. Roy Stubbs, who still lives in Provo, remembers: "I'd look down the hill from our place and there he'd be coming up the road with his boxing gloves—he'd always have those gloves. I would feel like running and hiding. Pretty soon he'd be here, and he'd offer to help me with chores if I would box a few rounds with him. I usually would, even though it always hurt."

With his exercises and the vigorous life on the farm—he was up by 3:30 to milk some 30 or 40 cows with brother Joe, and then would trot the three miles to the milk collection station, behind Joe and the wagon, to develop his legs and wind—he began to grow taller and huskier. He was a happy-go-lucky, adventuresome boy at this stage, and although he was ambitious, school bored him. The only subject he liked or was good at was arithmetic. At 15 (weighing about 140), he finally graduated from the eighth grade, with a gloomy prediction from his teacher that "when you get to be a man, you'll live in a log house and have a straw shed for a barn."

Now, like his older brothers at the same age, he began to strike out on his own, leaving home as the spirit moved him and as opportunity offered. It is from the next years that the legend of his being a hobo comes. Actually he never was a hobo in the sense that the

continued on page 41

Fighter's Album



I fought Fustanatiche gas water
in Harrison, N. J.



Richard waterford meto Westcott
Swope in 1919



Provo boys in 1915. My brothers
Bernie and Johnny at right



With Reams before we
signed for Willands



Being a boxer has it's light moments
This was at Alameda, Calif.



I was a dude in 1918

word means tramp or bum, but simply an itinerant laborer who, like thousands of migratory harvest hands and other floating workers, rode the freights and camped by the wayside on their way to temporary jobs. He dug ditches, picked peaches, cut timber, was a circus roustabout, worked on construction and railroad gangs in all sorts of capacities and in the mines, rising in skill from mucker to assistant timber man, hoist man and miner. For a time in Salt Lake City he was a pool shark, sometimes making \$5 a day on 10¢ side bets. This roving, disorderly life took him all over the West. Whenever he got the chance he signed with a local promoter for a club card fight: Tonopah, Goldfield, Ely, Cripple Creek and many other of the old mining camps saw him. Whenever the jobs or his money gave out (he always sent a good share of his earnings to his mother), he would come home to Provo to help on the farm and pick up fights in and around Salt Lake City.

IN UNION—STRENGTH

He was toughening and learning as he went along, developing the style that later became famous. From Charlie Diehl, a boyhood pal in Montrose who had studied at a physical culture school, he picked up the idea of the fighting crouch. From brother Bernie, who managed him for a while, he learned that an opponent takes a while to warm up and can't absorb a blow as readily while still "cold"; and from that lesson came his "sudden-death" rush at the bell. Andy Malloy, an experienced middleweight whom he had knocked out, and who was so impressed that he became his manager for a while, taught him "unity"—how to deliver a punch with the whole weight of his body behind it. From study and his own deduction, he developed the bobbing, weaving manner that made him so hard to hit.

He won nearly all of his early fights, most of them by knockouts. At 19 "Young Dempsey," as he had been billed, disappeared and—Bernie and Johnny abrogating the borrowed name in his favor—"Jack Dempsey," the future champion, was born. He had fought for as little as \$2.50 in every sort of ring from local opera houses to the back rooms of saloons and impromptu tent shelters in mining camps. It was a hard life and so far not a very rewarding one; but he knew, now more than ever, that he loved fighting—the excitement, the applause, and most of

all the pure, instinctive, savage thrill of beating down a dangerous opponent.

In 1916 he and a friend named Jack Price, acting as his manager, decided to try their luck in New York. They arrived with less than \$30 between them and put up at a shabby hotel off Broadway. They were incredibly green. Dempsey remembers: "I'd heard of this 'Great White Way,' see, so one day I started out to look for it. I couldn't find it any place. Finally I stopped a kind-looking man and asked him, 'Where is the Great White Way?' He looked at me and says, 'Are you kidding?' and I said, 'No, sir.' He said, 'Son, you're standing on it.' We were at the corner of 42nd Street and Broadway." For weeks he had no mail because he didn't know where the General Delivery postoffice was and, "I was too shy to ask anybody."

The New York managers were not impressed by his record in the West: they had never even heard of any of the local marvels he had defeated. But Price finally got him a match with a 215-pound, 6-foot 2-inch (Dempsey weighed 173) Chicago import named André Anderson. There were no official decisions in New York in those days, but the sportswriters gave Dempsey the best of it. His and Price's end of the purse was \$16. Two weeks later he was matched with "Wild Bert" Kenney and again got the unofficial decision, and this time a purse of \$43. Price then had to return to Salt Lake City because of his mother's illness and, with Dempsey's consent, sold his management contract to a promoter and manager called "John the Barber" Reiser, who soon matched him with a rugged and accomplished Negro named John Lester Johnson. In the second round Johnson connected with a body blow that cracked two of Jack's ribs. Dempsey says, "It's the only punch before or since that ever hurt me. I felt that punch." The pain was terrible; but he kept wading in. He went the whole 10 rounds and some sportswriters even gave him the decision.

This was the "fighting spirit," the ability to take punishment, to endure and "keep a going" and finish strong that he had absorbed as a child and that was to carry him through many ring crises. I asked him about this recently and he said: "It's a matter of training. It's like you hypnotize yourself and your unconscious mind keeps you going, so you never know you're knocked out even if you are. Take the Firpo fight. I never knew I was out of the ring. I have no memory of going out or getting back in. I kept on fight-

ing but I was unconscious. In my corner between the first and second rounds I came to with Doc Kearns waving smelling salts under my nose. I thought I'd lost the fight. I asked Kearns, 'What round was I knocked out in?' He said, 'You son of a bitch, you weren't knocked out. Go out there and box this guy.' So I did until my head cleared and I could nail him."

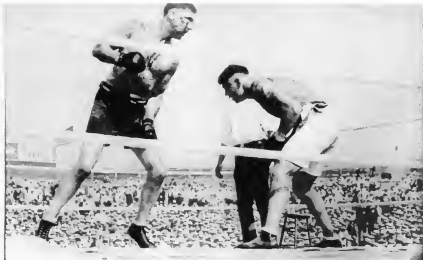
Unable to fight again after the Johnson bout until his ribs mended, he headed back West and took up his old trade as a miner. Then he returned to New York. "John the Barber" wanted to sign him with "Gunboat" Smith, a leading heavyweight. Feeling that he had been overmatched against Johnson, and not wanting to repeat the mistake, Dempsey refused. Then Reiser tried signing him with Frank Moran, one of the top men, a challenger to Willard himself; Dempsey again refused; Reiser was furious. After that there was no point in staying in New York, and he went back to Salt Lake City and picked up a match with "Fireman Jim" Flynn, one of the best-known heavyweights of the mountain states. What happened in that fight is still being argued about.

Flynn caught him with a right to the jaw in the first round and knocked him down. Dempsey got up, went down again, up, down, up, down, and Bernie, who was seconding him, threw in the towel with a minute of the first round to go. In the convinced opinion of many eyewitnesses, the fight was framed: that Dempsey could suffer a knockout in the first round was too hard to be true. Dempsey indignantly maintains that the fight was honest, and that Bernie simply used bad judgment in stopping it—he could have kept going, he says, and might have won. At any rate, the result was a disaster for him. He left town and went to the West Coast. There he had a few fights, but the story of the Flynn fiasco followed him and he had trouble getting matches. He began to rove again, picking up jobs wherever he could. Then, one night in Oakland, something happened that changed his life.

"NICE AND POLITE"

He was in a saloon near a shipyard where he was working. A fight promoter who called himself Jack Kearns (his real name was Leo McKernan) was there too, with one of his stable, a heavyweight named Vince Nelson. Kearns remembers: "I was just back from Australia. I'd taken some of my fighters over there barnstorming but I'd left this Nelson home and he was

continued on page 43



BATTERED AND TORN. giant Jess Willard in famous photograph lunges at bobbing and weaving Dempsey. Willard was

unable to stow bell for fourth round of 1919 bout before 19,000 at Toledo, Ohio, making Dempsey the new heavyweight champ.

JACK DEMPSEY *continued from page 41*

still sore about it. He was drinking and half-shot and he wanted to argue. He kept yelling how he could lick all my boys put together. We had a lot of words and he started to swing on me, but I beat him to the punch, then somebody punched me and some others got into it. It was a mess. This Dempsey was standing on the edge and I heard him say, 'I heard this conversation. I've been wantin' to take care of this guy,' meaning Nelson, and he came charging in." Barroom brawls were not ordinarily in Dempsey's line. He says, "I always tried to act nice and polite and handle myself to be a credit. I didn't want people to be thinking I was some kind of a plug-ugly just because I was a fighter." But the sight of the big heavyweight bashing the smaller, older man made him indignant. He finished Nelson off with a few punches.

Kearns admirably introduced himself and learned that his Samaritan was the same Dempsey who had beaten a former fighter of his named Joe Bonds and had put away several other fighters he respected. They talked about the possibility of his coming under Kearns' management, but at that point Dempsey preferred the security of his shipyard job. A few months later, however,

when he had gone back to Salt Lake City, Kearns wired him that he had a good match for him, something that would make money. It was against "Windmill Willie" Meehan, a popular San Francisco fighter. Dempsey came to Oakland, where Kearns lived with his mother. Thus, late in 1917, began the greatest alliance in boxing history.

MAN AROUND TOWN

Kearns, who has since had half a dozen champions, was already one of the fantastic figures of his time. Born in San Francisco, he had run away from home at 14 to the Klondike. He became a gold-washer in a saloon, a miner, a gambler, a middleweight boxer, and finally a promoter and manager. Glib, shrewd and enormously experienced, he was exactly what the raw but willing Dempsey needed. Kearns, for his part, remembers Dempsey then as a tall, rather lightly built young man, earnest, shy, and moody and dark of manner ("sort of a skulker") who seemed "bound up." "He didn't move easy or walk easy. He had a good right hand but no left." Dempsey was dazzled by Kearns' natty wardrobe and big diamond ring and impressive conversation. "He began to talk big money right away. He was full of ideas. I didn't know what he was talking about. I was just a bum. But I listened and began

to think maybe I could do all these things he was saying, and I decided it was up to me to hold up my end. I made up my mind nothing was going to stop me. I had to come through."

Accordingly, he was a completely tractable student. He referred all questions to Kearns saying, "He's the doctor"; others picked it up until Kearns became "Doc" to everyone. In Mrs. McKernan, the Doc's mother, he found a maternal sympathy to which he responded naturally: he liked to help her around the neat, little white bungalow they all shared, to clean the cellar, wash dishes, and pick fruit from the backyard orchard for her to can. He was so obedient to Doc's judgment that in due course he divorced his quondam wife, a girl named Maxine Cates.

Dempsey had met her a few years earlier in Ely, Nev., where he was living for a while "on the line" and working as a bouncer in a dance hall where she played the piano. She was older than he and was a woman of rich experience. They had a casual marriage and soon drifted apart, he to look for fights or jobs, she to her old habits. But they still saw each other now and again; and Kearns, who had begun to think he might have a champion in Dempsey, decided that she was bad advertising and urged him to break off entirely. However, it was also Kearns'

idea to list her as a dependent in filing for a draft exemption. Later on when Dempsey became famous, and a local reporter did a story on him and looked up Maxine, he learned that she had not been supported by Dempsey during the time claimed. Moreover, she was feeling unfriendly toward Dempsey and particularly toward Kearns. The result of her anger and a flaming assist from some of the Eastern papers was the famous "draft dodger" charge against Dempsey. The pros and cons of this, like those of the Flynn fight, are still being debated. At any rate, Dempsey won the decision. The case came to trial in June 1920, and the jury brought in a verdict in his favor in 10 minutes.

But in Oakland these troubles lay in the unknown future. For the present there was "Windmill Willie." And the outcome was a disappointment—only a draw. But then came a knockout against a fighter named Charlie Miller and a decision over Bob McAllister. Kearns, who had been careful to match his protégé in his own class, decided he was ready for a definitive test. He matched Dempsey against "Gunboat" Smith. Dempsey got the decision and thereby stepped into the first level of the country's heavyweights.

Kearns could begin to smell the championship. He signed against Carl Morris, 6 feet 4 inches and 235 pounds, a challenger to Willard. It was a close decision, but Dempsey won. Kearns felt the time had come to move east. They went to Chicago where Kearns, a master of hallyhoo, whipped up attention by such stunts as offering to bet \$10,000 (which he didn't have) that Dempsey could lick any two boxers in the country on the same night. He had learned that Dempsey's crouching, weaving, close-in style was especially effective against big men such as Morris, so he matched him with a 6-foot 3-inch ex-farmer from near Kalamazoo named Homer Smith. Dempsey put him away in a minute and 55 seconds.

Kearns began to advertise him as "Jack the Giant Killer" and boasted about what he could do if he ever fought the huge Willard. The newspapers and fans ate it up. Dempsey, as Kearns says, was a "thrill fighter"—there was something about him that aroused excitement. In a return bout with Carl Morris, he won on a foul. Then came revenge against Fireman Jim Flynn—a first-round knockout. And another knockout against the tough Bill Brennan. Bull Sadie and Tom Riley went in one-round knockouts. Then, overconfident, he fought

a no-decision with Billy Muske. Soon afterward came Fred Fulton, generally rated the best in the country and second only to the champion himself.

This crucial fight was nearly cancelled. The promoter had offered a \$12,500 guarantee but then, unable to raise that amount, had scaled it down to only \$9,000. Kearns indignantly called the match off. When Dempsey was told, he pled with Kearns to change his mind. With his share of the purse he planned to fulfill one of his greatest ambitions, to buy his parents a house. They never had owned one; and a good part of what already was being called his "killer instinct" was a simple, fierce, obsessive desire to earn some money to make life easier for his mother. At his urging she had already made a \$100 down-payment on a house and five acres of land near Salt Lake City; about \$5,000 more was due. Kearns grumbled but gave in. The fight took place in July 1918. Dempsey won by a knockout in 18½ seconds.

THE BUILDUP

And so the way was open to Willard and a chance at the title. For months Willard avoided the match. He had defended his title only once, against Frank Moran in 1916, and had turned down all later challengers. Not, Dempsey believes, because of any lack of courage, but simply because he did not really like fighting—he was a "made" fighter, not a "natural" one. But at last the sportswriters, noisily encouraged by Kearns, built such public demand for a Willard-Dempsey fight that he was forced to accept. The final signing was in February 1919, only about sixteen months since Dempsey had come down from Salt Lake City to join Kearns and begin his incredible rise from vagrant to challenger.

The fight took place on July 4, 1919. Dempsey had always been taut before an important fight. Often he trembled violently, and sometimes he was so nervous before the first bell that he wet his pants. For this, the fight of his life, he was keyed almost beyond endurance. Willard was said to be out of condition. But, Dempsey remembers, when the champion stepped into the ring, all 6½ feet and 245 pounds of him (Dempsey weighed in at 187), he looked as lean and strong as a lion. "I decided I wasn't just fighting for \$100,000," Dempsey recalls, "I was fighting for my life."

What happened there at Toledo under the ferocious July sun is a part of familiar history: the seven knockdowns in the first round and Willard saved by

the bell; the terrible beating that went on in the second and on into the third; Willard's cheek bone shattered as if it had been hit with a sledge, the blood flowing from his eyes and mouth, the great jaw sagging on his chest and the eyes glazed with pain and incomprehension. And then the towel from his corner.

That night, when the celebration was over and Dempsey had gone to bed, he had a nightmare. He dreamed that he had lost the fight. In his anguish he twisted out of bed and woke up on the floor with a bump. Collecting his senses, he realized that it was a dream; but then he felt his face and thought he found blood. Was it only a dream? He rushed to the bathroom—no blood. He grabbed his clothes and hurried downstairs to the street. There was a newsboy with a pile of papers with big black screamer headlines. Dempsey said: "Hey, who won the fight?" The boy said, "Why, Dempsey did"—and then, "Say, ain't you Dempsey?" "Yenh," Dempsey said. "Thanks." And he handed the boy a dollar and went happily back upstairs to bed, the champion of the world.

Not long afterward someone asked him what his remaining ambition was. He answered soberly, "I want to be a gentleman." END



GOLDEN BOY photo was made after Jack won title and became national idol.

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BOWLING

ALL-STAR: II

It's a tough choice among the men in the upcoming classic—but here are the best

by VICTOR KALMAN



BUDDY EGAN

CHICAGO

PRACTICALLY everyone in the wondering ("Whom do you like?") world of bowling seems eager to point out reasons why big, awkward Don Carter of St. Louis will not win a third consecutive U.S. championship next week at the Coliseum. The Carter-can't-be-lucky-again Club has broadcast so effectively, in fact, that amiable William Terrell Lillard of Detroit, originally installed as second choice by Chicago bookmakers, emerged the other day as clear-cut favorite in the glittering All-Star field of 160.

Most of the opinions advanced by the anti-Carters ("He rolls a 'soft' ball . . . bends his elbow . . . nose scrapes the approach . . . off balance at the foul line") are as weighty as a feather. Carter's victories the past two years over the best bowlers in the country and his brilliant American Bowling Congress record should have long dispelled skepticism on such illusory grounds. However, history does counsel against selecting him to score again: no man has ever won three straight titles. It is not that bowling lacks iron-nerved Ben Hogans; the sport simply requires a series of lucky breaks in addition to skill. A speck of dust on the lane, a pin imperceptibly off its spot, an unlucky pinfall—these and many other minute details often spell the difference between triumph and defeat.

WITH EARS AND EYES

It is with ears toward history, therefore, rather than eyes on the 27-year-old Carter's unorthodox style, that I join the majority who predict his dethronement. But I do not go along with those who pick Bill Lillard. The transplanted Texan, also 27, indisputably boasts an impressive record. He has rolled in the All-Star five times, finishing 11th, fifth, second, third and, last year, second again, losing to Carter by a heartbreaking 27 pins. His All-Star average of 205 for 500 games tops the all-time list (Carter and Steve Nagy of Cleveland are next with 204). Perhaps it is illogical to by-pass Lillard merely because he has been left at the

altar so often, but I feel little confidence in a perennial runner-up.

Carter and Lillard have a definite advantage at this point, of course. They are seeded in the final 16. The other 158 stars, most of whom have already battled through tough state eliminations, must fight it out in qualifying rounds for the remaining 14 places.

The tournament opens on Friday night, January 14th, with the 14th annual Parade of Stars which will include the 64 women contestants headed by five-time Champion Marion Ladewig (SI, Jan. 3). All will roll in a team event, giving them an opportunity to get the "feel" of the 16 gleaming new lanes specially installed for the All-Star. During the following four days the men will roll 24 games, the highest 46 scorers qualifying for the second round. On January 19th they roll 12 more games to decide the 14 finalist berths. Then come four days of intensive match game competition, ending on the night of January 23rd. The championship, worth at least \$25,000, is based on a point system which takes into account the number of games won and total pinfall.

The East will be represented by an unusually strong aggregation this year, including two-time U.S. Champions Andy Varipapa of Hempstead, N.Y. and Junie McMahon of Fairlawn, N.J.; ABC singles Titleholder Tony Sparando of Rego Park, N.Y., who finished a close third behind Carter and Lillard last year; and Frank Santore of Long Island City, former ABC champion. Gary Faber's Cement Blocks of East Paterson, N.J. have four chances for victory—McMahon, Lou Campi, Alfred (Lindy) Faragalli and Frank (Slim) Okular.

From Detroit come several top-notchers, including Buzx Fazio and other members of the victory-flushed Stroh Beers, who won the team championship last month. Connie Schwesler of Madison, Wis., victor in 1942 and 1948, is probably the best from the Northwest. The Chicago Major

League will be represented by five former champions. Erstwhile Pinboy Dick Hoover of Akron, a veteran at 25, returns for another shot at a second title.

If ABC Record-breaker Steve Nagy should win—and well he might—it would be a popular victory. The 200-pound, music-loving Cleveland proprietor (he plays the bass viol in a three-piece band) probably would be the best the game has known if he had the fierce competitive spirit of a Carter or a Ladewig. But he is, as a friend put it the other day, "too nice a guy. I've seen him, in a match for big money, show his opponent what he was doing wrong." Some years ago Nagy was howling for the city title when his opponent cut his thumb. Instead of taking a forfeit, the congenial Nagy treated the man's hand—and lost the match. Of such stuff are Dale Carnegie, not champions, made.

An all-round athlete who has every requisite for wearing the crown—he wore it well in 1944—is Oklahoma-born Herbert Booth (Buddy) Bomar of Chicago. A handsome, dark-haired man of 39, Bomar was a catcher who took up bowling to strengthen his arm, and then quit baseball instead. In his earlier days he practiced with a heavily leaded ball so that his regulation 16-pounder felt feather-light in competition. In the 1940s he was bowling's biggest money winner (the Petersen Classic alone netted him \$14,955). His recent 833 series on games of 255, 278 and 300 indicates he may be ready. If so, he is my selection to regain the title.

ON WITH LINDY

Alternative votes go to cool, balding Joe Wilman of Chicago, the sport's best-known instructor, who is always in shape, and, as a darkhorse possibility, Lindy Faragalli. Wilman, 49, won the All-Star in 1945 and the qualifying trophy last year. He has taken four ABC titles and holds six all-time ABC records. Faragalli, who acquired his nickname by shouting to his teammates that "we can do it" on the night Lindbergh flew the Atlantic, is competing in his first important national tournament. All I have to go on in selecting him is an enviable local record and a strong hunch. Early this season I predicted he would have a good year (SI, Oct. 11) and the same week he bowled a 300 game in the Bergen County Major League, then swept through the New Jersey eliminations. The odds against it are overwhelming, but perhaps if I stick with Lindy "we" will go on to the top.

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JACK DEMPSEY IN YOUR GAME ROOM?

The man Gentleman Rice described as a superhuman wild man in the ring, but outside of it, one of the gentlest men he'd ever known.

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SKIING IN AFRICA

Skiing in Africa? Yes indeed! Hard by the blazing Sahara in the Atlas Mountains, as high and snowy as the Alps. According to Skier and Sports Photographer John Jay, they are one of the world's great skiing areas

IT had always been very simple. In the Alps you skied. In Hawaii you surfboarded. In India you hunted tigers. In Africa you hunted lions. Now, we are told, it is all different. In the Alps you ski. In Hawaii you ski. In India you ski. In Africa you ski.

In Hawaii people have skied for years on the upper slopes of the 13,784-foot Mauna Kea. In northern India the foothills of the Himalayas provide splendid winter sport. And in Africa . . . well, in Africa, says John Jay (who has skied and photographed just about every snow center in the world), skiing in the Atlas Mountains is as good as any you'll ever find anywhere else.

The Atlas Mountains—the entire massif, that is—stretch 1,500 miles around the northwest corner of Africa between the waters of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean and the sands of the Sahara. The particular part of the mountains that the skiers know is in the Great Atlas, a huge and improbably snowy range that runs for 500 miles through French Morocco, and which, generally, is higher than the Alps, though its loftiest peak, Toubka

(13,665 feet), is not so high as the highest Alpine horns and summits.

Skiing in the Great Atlas started during World War II when ski-starved winter sports enthusiasts on duty in North Africa looked longingly across the baking plains to the snow-capped summits and thought of their flying boards. In off-duty hours they began to explore the Atlas. They found the snowy slopes lived up to their promise, and thus skiing came to French Morocco. Shortly after the war the French began to erect lodges and ski lifts. Today, there are dozens of lodges, five platter-pull lifts and one cable lift, and each weekend during the December-April winter season the lodges are filled with skiers. A branch of the French Ski School of Chamonix conducts daily classes. The French Foreign Legion trains military ski patrols on the slopes.

The principal skiing area is near Marrakech, the fantastic old Arab city of 235,000 that has a climate much like Palm Springs, Calif. Marrakech is 180 miles inland from Casablanca, on the Atlantic coast. A daily air service links

the two, and Casablanca, a port of call for transatlantic planes, opens the Atlas ranges to skiers from all over the world. There is also a flat, straight highway from Casablanca to Marrakech; a good sports car can make the run in three hours with no trouble. From Marrakech a twisting mountain road winds 45 miles (and two hours) up into the mountains to the lodges at Oukaimeden (altitude: 8,700 feet).

After a week of slalom, schussing and tearing on the corn-snow slopes of the Great Atlas, John Jay's party reported enthusiastically. They cautioned skiers to bring their own equipment since shops in Casablanca are only just beginning to carry ski gear. They warned that local hazards include goats and sheep on ski runs, the intense tropical sun, and sudden clumps of cactus jutting up here and there through the snow. But, they added, the skiing is superb. Bernard Juillard, a Swiss ski champion brought along as a guide, admitted he had seldom seen such marvelous sport. Even the cactus failed to bother him. "It makes a slalom *naturel*," he said.

Skis on a camel yet! Lois Jay and Barbara McClurg, assisted by grinning Arabs, prepare for their ski safari into Atlas Mountains





MARKET PLACE of Arab city of Marrakesh, once a gathering place for Sahara slave caravans, has become jumping-off point for skiers heading up from the stifling plains to snow-capped Atlas Mountains.



CARAVAN ROUTE twists through mountain passes to ski lodges at Oukaimeden. Though road is only 45 miles long, two hours are needed for trip because of hairpin turns and wandering camel trains.





SUN AND SNOW greet skiers Barbara McClurg (left), Betty Carpenter and Lois Jay as they reach the ski area near top of 13,615-foot Mt. Toubkal, highest peak in Atlas range. In back-

ground is luxurious Le Choua ski lodge, complete with French chef and modern 2,000-foot cable lift that takes skiers right from the dining-room door to the deep snowfields near the summit.



FLOODING UP glacier at 11,000 feet, Lois Jay and Betty Carpenter wear warm clothing against chill mountain winds, while lowland palms in background shimmer under the equatorial sun.

RESTING UP, Jay's party of well-tanned African sliders relaxes for a siesta between noon and 3:30 in afternoon, when the sun is so strong that snow becomes too soft for good downhill skiing.





OPENINGS at Santa Anita are super-saturated with society, sports and movie leaders like Louis B. Mayer (hatted, at left)



shaking hands with Beverly Hills sportsman Neil McCarthy, Betty Grable (center) and Mr. and Mrs. Reese Taylor (at right).



SANTA ANITA *continued from page 18*

Francisco named Charles H. Strub. The 70-year-old Strub, a onetime minor league second baseman, is a rare promoter who combines the sentimentality of the bleacher fan with the hard-headedness of a coin-biter in a counting house. If he has spent millions in institutional advertising to convince the public Santa Anita is a public trust whose revenue does much to support agricultural colleges and county fairs, he also spends millions at the legitimate improvement of the breed. Two years ago, for example, he installed a picturesque grass course when there was scarcely any public clamor for it.

In the days when Strub had spent the entire million dollars raised by stock issue to buy the 401 acres of Santa Anita Rancho and was in hock another \$300,000 to build his mezzanine, he posted the first \$400,000 stake. It was like pulling all the blue chips out of the poker pot to bet on the last card. But it paid off.

In Southern California the Sport of Kings has become the sport of orange pickers and not even the clubhouse is the private preserve of the mink stole and jeweled lorgnette.

FLAIR FOR ELEGANCE SHOWN

But Strub can point to a board of directors that includes a Firestone and a Doheny and a dozen others whose breeding is of Jockey Club caliber. Besides, the indiscriminate offering of hundred-grand stakes has resulted in the finest horses in America, North or South, appearing at Santa Anita. The very first year, Twenty Grand, Equipoise, Top Row and Time Supply made the trek west for the Handicap.

The greatest horse to run at Santa

Anita was C. S. Howard's Seabiscuit, which finished a heart-breaking second two years in a row in the big 'Cap before finally winning it in one of the most emotional afternoons (March 2, 1940) racing has ever seen. The greatest horse race ever run anywhere (in the opinion of horsemen like Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons) was run at Santa Anita on closing day in 1950. Calumet's Citation and C. S. Howard's Noor battled head-and-head over the last three-quarters of the mile-and-three-quarter San Juan Capistrano Handicap to finish a nose apart in the world record time of 2:52 1/2. The photo said Noor just won it.

Each year, something new is added to Santa Anita. This year it was a special \$100,000 addition to the training track requiring the moving of 120,000 cubic yards of dirt, and a press box improvement including soundproofed TV, radio and newsreel rooms.

Catering at Santa Anita is high art. The pedigreed hot dogs have a special sheepskin casing. The beef is Eastern steer, and \$1 a sandwich. The half-buck hamburgers are worth it, claims the caterer, as they are virtually ground-up best-in-shows (stock shows, that is).

The track's caterer has his own racing silks and enjoys the same social status as the Whitneys, the Vanderbilts, Markeys and King Ranchers whose colors fly alongside his. The Strub flair for elegance is everywhere apparent from the brown-and-black clad bellhops to the gold-keyed wine clerk in the deep-pile carpeted Turf Club, the elite membership group of the track. Stewards on the track scorn the utilitarian station wagon for transportation and are paced to their observation posts by spanking teams drawing red-and-black, leather-upholstered phaetons piloted by liveried coachmen.

Amid all this courtly elegance, the

rich and unwashed swizzle 15,000 bottles of beer on a hot day. On a cold day they drink 15,000 cups of coffee. On any day they load up on 10,000 Scotch-and-sodas. The big, captive, mobile audience (a race crowd is never still between races) is trapped into gorging itself by 25 food bars, 20 beverage bars, the plush reserved tables of the Turf Club and clubhouse, innumerable coffee shops and the massive pad-dock room under the grandstand, a cafeteria-style eatery which can serve 5,000 people a day and which has real plants on its support pillars because Strub couldn't stand the artificial kind. They get too dusty.

FUNDAMENTALIST MAKES HIS BET

Nothing is too good for the man at the \$2 window at Santa Anita. If he wants to, he can bring a box lunch and his kids and let them romp around the lush, pansy-bedecked infield. On closing day, he can pull the pansies up by the roots and take them home.

But surrounded by this wholesome opulence, he is often oblivious to it. On opening day last week, a typical customer was Textile Salesman D. Edward Laurent. A racing fundamentalist, Laurent ignored the Steele pansies, Washington palms, even the awesome Sierra Madres and went right to the heart of the matter: the *Daily Racing Form*.

He decided on Tee Man at 30-1. Tee Man was as good as Laurent's faith. Off dead last he found a nice hole turning into the stretch and finished an impressive, driving second (to Jockey Willie Shoemaker and Mr. Basooka). Santa Anita's meet was well under way. Horseplayer Laurent was \$23.90 to the good and all in all it looked like a great year for the improvement of the breed.

some one got up and spoke for its position. I was a member of the NCAA TV Committee which, in 1951, first tried to devise a method of making it possible for football and commercial television to live together. I was chairman of the 1952 Committee which established the two basic limitations now in effect: 1) a team can appear on TV only once a season and 2) there must be at least one telecast a season from each of the eight geographical regions into which the NCAA is divided. These principles were established in order to reduce or dilute the impact on college football attendance which otherwise results when the colleges face the killing competition of the strongest local TV attraction every Saturday of the season.

At present I have no official connection with the NCAA. But as a former college athletic director, I admittedly have strong views. I want, for one, to see intercollegiate sports preserved as they are today, because I regard them as a significant part of our national life. I think it is important for Toledo University, and hundreds like it, to be able to field a football team that can help finance a physical training program beneficial to its entire student body. More important than it is for a few schools, already doing so well that they have no attendance problems, to be given an opportunity to grab their share of \$141,-666.66 more than once a year. And I am particularly prejudiced against football monopolization because of what the near future holds.

PIE SLICES RICH

The NCAA's TV committees have always realized that some form of subscription-television—be it Phonevision, Skintron or Telemeter—is inevitable. A business magazine recently estimated that 10 million sets would be tuned in on football each Saturday, at 50¢ a set, in the era of pay-as-you-see TV—which seems reasonable, considering the 20 million viewers the Game-of-the-Week now attracts. The possibility exists that very soon two college football teams will be in a position literally to split millions of dollars between them.

And a college that could televise its entire schedule might make a season's haul of \$10 or \$20 million. This verges a little on the commercial, and makes the million-per-season that has reportedly been offered both Notre Dame and the Big Ten look like pocket money.



THE MINORITY ATTACK on the NCAA plan has been expounded in brochures backed by TV interests and in press statements by officials of dissident schools and conferences.

Obviously, only the Broddingnagians of football could command such revenues, while the Toledo Universities of the country would have to be content to play to 800 instead of 6,000—or, as Fordham just did, join the 70-odd colleges that have been forced to drop the game entirely since the advent of televised football.

In the light of this prospect, the NCAA's 1952 TV Committee sent a letter to its member institutions suggesting that they consider the possibility of distributing a part of current TV fees among all the football-playing colleges and ultimately distributing a part of the pay-as-you-see TV receipts in the same way. Notre Dame opposed the plan on the grounds that it was not in keeping with the principles of free enterprise. The Reverend Theodore M. Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame, said in a press release that "any attempt to restrict and boycott... would be thought of as un-American and illegal. Any attempt to go further and to share the honest reward for any talent would be looked upon as socialistic." The Reverend Edmund P. Joyce, executive vice president, called the committee's scheme "a share-the-wealth plan." Later, Ed (Moose) Krause, Notre Dame's athletic director, was quoted by the United Press as saying "anything like that would be

socialistic and communistic." Notre Dame's firm position was backed by Dr. Allen Du Mont and the staff of the Du Mont-TV network. Du Mont had carried Notre Dame's games in the early days of TV football before the NCAA's limitations were put in effect.

Both Notre Dame and Du Mont had something more at stake than a principle. On the same day that Father Hesburgh made his statement, Krause mournfully told the press that the NCAA limitations had cost Notre Dame "as much as a million dollars last year."

That the dollar sign is much with football today is implicit in Krause's words, a fact I don't blame so much on Notre Dame and others as I do on TV, which has the money to make football a substantial commercial affair.

In 1950—in that pre-put-of-gold era when the Big Ten banned TV—the NCAA, in collaboration with the networks, arranged for a study of the impact of TV on attendance at football games. It was the networks, then contending that TV would promote the game to the general public and thereby increase the attendance, which recommended the University of Chicago's National Opinion Research Center as a scientific and unbiased organization capable of making an objective statis-

tical study of the 1950 football season. And these studies have been continued by the NORC each year by the authorization of the NCAA.

The NORC's first report, submitted in 1951, stunned everyone. It showed that unlimited football telecasting had a 40% adverse effect on attendance! And its later reports showed that even under the NCAA's controlled program the gate was still off 27%.

ORPHAN OWN BABY

The findings of the original report forced the NCAA to begin the development of the program now in effect. But the networks soon turned their backs on the research group they had recommended and joined the Radio-Television Manufacturers Association in publicizing the contrary findings which had been reported earlier in a paper entitled "The Long Range Effect of Television and Other Factors on Sports Attendance."

This was a master's thesis written by a University of Pennsylvania student, Jerry N. Jordan, son of a vice president of the N. W. Ayer advertising agency.

The Jordan Report attempted to "prove" TV couldn't hurt football by citing newspaper and magazine circulation figures, attendance figures at baseball and hockey games, and the consumer money spent on all sports.

The manufacturers also set up their own "Sports Committee," which circulated—among other things—an "analysis" by young Jordan's father called "Freedom to Decide." This "Committee" was not, incidentally, always in accord. In December 1952, it sent out a press release entitled, "Sports Had One of Best Years, RTMA Committee Reports." L. C. Truesdell, a vice president of the Zenith Radio Corporation, immediately resigned from the committee, on the grounds that he had had no opportunity to see or comment on the report, and because he had no wish to have his name attached to a misleading press release.

In the beginning, the only colleges actively opposing the NCAA program were Pennsylvania and Notre Dame, and Pennsylvania has since withdrawn its opposition. However, a couple of years ago the Big Ten proposed a "regional plan" that would have allowed the Big Ten's teams to make 20 appearances before the television cameras in a 13-week period, with the telecasts limited to a seven-state area. And the Pacific Coast Conference, this past December, officially announced its desire to go to some form of regional televi-

sion that might include area blackouts.

A regional plan, if the National Opinion Research Center is to be believed, is beautifully designed to completely wreck football in the other colleges of the Midwest and the Pacific Coast. According to the NORC, all available evidence indicates that any lessening of the NCAA limitations within a geographical area would result in even greater attendance losses than those from which the game is already suffering. Among other findings, the NORC studies show that where TV is available only 3% of those who attend games travel outside their own locale. Naturally, their greatest interest is in "home" teams. Seventy per cent of the fans the NORC has polled have named games played within their own geographical area as the ones they would most like to see on TV.

What this means, concretely, was shown when Miami of Ohio and Cincinnati played for the championship of the Mid-American Conference in 1951. Weather conditions were excellent; the rivalry between the two schools is over 50 years old; and both had fine records for the season. But, instead of the usual sell-out of 30,000, the game drew only 16,000. Why? It was played the day the Michigan-Ohio State game was telecast in Cincinnati and the surrounding territory. This year, when a game from a different area was being telecast, 30,000 persons watched the Miami-Cincinnati game.

No, a regional plan isn't the answer. On the contrary, it would cut the jugular vein of many schools. Even the present plan is bad enough. In order to provide for the public interest the colleges have had to wittingly enrich a few schools—11 teams have "repeated" every year the plan has been in operation. Nevertheless the plan has offered a basic protection to the many.

But today, when the NCAA should be trying to evolve a plan to heal the wounds of those colleges that are being bled to death, what is happening? The Big Ten, Notre Dame and the Pacific Coast Conference—representing seven of the 11 repeaters—are attacking the best plan, unsatisfactory as it is, that has yet been advanced for rescuing college football from the onslaughts of television.

It must be granted that the situation has ramifications that can't be touched on in an article of this brevity. But even so, it seems to me glaringly obvious that those who already have the most cannot, in good conscience, justify their attempts to get all that's left.

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THE WINNING COMBINATION. Flanking their non-playing Davis Cup captain, Bill Talbert, U.S. stars Vic Seixas and Tony Trabert spoke from their hearts during the

victory presentation at Sydney, Australia last week. Said Trabert: "I don't think we could have done the job without Bill." Added Seixas: "We thought Bill did the finest

captain's job possible. He is trying to pass all the glory over to us, but he deserves plenty himself." Cup planner Talbert, who left a sickbed to mastermind the strategy

HOW WE LICKED THE AUSSIES

America's victory in the Davis Cup Challenge Round actually began 12 months ago—after U.S. defeat at Kooyong. There and then Captain Talbert and his squad put into effect a winning formula

by **WILLIAM F. TALBERT**

U.S. Davis Cup Team Captain

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

WHEN I predicted that the U.S. would beat Australia 5-0 in the Challenge Round, the Australian public and press snickered and thought I couldn't be serious. They felt it was part of the war of nerves, and one newspaper even blasted us as Cockadoodle Yanks.

I was deadly serious. I was not playing a game of psychological warfare. I felt certain we could sweep all five matches, and the fact we finally won 3-2 should take little edge off my prediction. I am convinced that if the final two singles matches were played under the same pressures as existed during the two previous days, my prediction would have been 100% fulfilled. There was a natural letdown after the year-long preparation and four years' famine, but if Tony Trabert or Vic Seixas had needed to win those matches, I know they would have come through with the same flying colors they did two days before.

When the last ball was hit at Kooyong Stadium in Melbourne a year ago, giving Australia a slim 3-2 margin, Tony, Vic, Ham Richardson and I set a course of redemption and vowed among ourselves that we would bring the Cup back to the U.S. in 1954. Our success at White City was the culmination of this vow and of a long period of exacting preparation in which no phase of getting the job done was overlooked.

We knew if we wanted to win the Cup we would have to be at a mental and physical peak. My job was to bring three individuals with varying personalities and temperaments to a razor-sharp edge and keep them there for the vital three-day Challenge Round period. There was the case of Vic Seixas, a moody veteran given to periods of

deep depression and flashes of brilliance. A year ago he was a disappointment to everyone, including himself, and at times there were doubts that he would ever play another Davis Cup match. Also he was plagued with a disease called "Rosewallitis." When he was defeated by Ken Rosewall in the Victorian finals at Melbourne, a month preceding the Davis Cup Challenge Round, it marked the sixth straight time he had lost to the little sharp-shooting Australian.

Our job was to find the antidote for this ailment and, to my mind, it was getting Seixas to think in a positive manner and to follow a set formula; getting to the net at every opportunity on Rosewall's shaky forehand. In the past, Vic felt he had to rush Rosewall off the court. He was inclined to make his stroke too quickly and commit too many errors. So we adopted a pattern of having Vic make his shot and then go to his favorite volleying position at the net. Seixas was finally convinced that this was the answer, and he followed it to the letter. In the past Vic had been disturbed by the breaks of the game and disconcerted by questionable calls and foot faults. But this time, in a happy, positive frame of mind, he never faltered from our purpose.

There was one very questionable call at a vital stage in the second set after Vic had dissipated several leads and regained advantage point for a service break. A ball hit by Rosewall was called good when virtually every one of the 25,578 fans thought it was out. It cost Seixas the set. Vic protested openly and was in something of a tizzy when he came to the sidelines in the changeover. But after exchanging a

continued on next page

which resulted in a 3-2 U.S. win over Australia, then wrote his own analysis. Stuber presents the victory story by the man who knows it better than anyone else.



THE CAST OF CHARACTERS DURING A DAVIS CUP CHALLENGE ROUND IS LARGER THAN FOR MANY A LARGE-SCALE BROADWAY PLAY

DAVIS CUP *continued from page 55*

few words, he immediately returned to the task at hand and finally won the match in four sets.

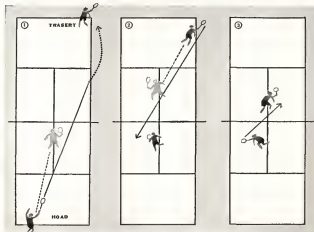
Seixas was fortunate that he was able to take the court with less pressure due to Trabert's four-set opening victory over Lew Hoad, Australia's problem child. Trabert himself was anxious to play first, and by the luck of the draw he was able to get his wish. Tony was keyed up to the point of jumping out of his skin. Playing the first match enabled him, as he wished,

to fix his schedule of eating and to make the mental preparations for the 1:15 p.m. post time. We had a preconceived plan to play Hoad too, and it was a plan which we were confident would succeed, even against a Hoad at his best. Actually it was a simple plan aimed at capitalizing on Trabert's controlled big game and making the most of what we believed to be Hoad's main weaknesses. A tricky, gusty wind on center court made it difficult for both players. However, Trabert used the wind to greater advantage by using a three-quarter speed serve which ena-

bled him to put the first ball in play far more often than Lew. He served fewer double faults and played most of the match and certainly most of the big points from the fore court. The plan was to attack Hoad's backhand and forge to the net, not only on service but on return of service wherever possible. In the earlier stages of the match, I noticed Tony was being passed frequently from Hoad's backhand. I noticed too that Hoad had a habit of hitting all high backhands flat straight down the line, while on low shots he would cross court with a top-

TALBERT SAYS THIS WAS CHALLENGE ROUND'S CRUCIAL POINT

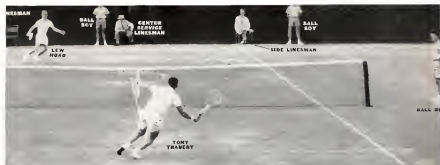
Of all the points played in Sydney, the one diagrammed at right, says Bill Talbert, was the most decisive. It gave the U.S. a break in the opening match, and the subsequent lift which this break gave to the Americans was instrumental in carrying the team through to three straight victories to end Australia's hopes for a fifth consecutive Challenge Round triumph. This point was a big one for both sides. It came in the third set of the Hoad-Trabert match with the score one set each and Hoad, at set point on his service, leading 7-5 and 40-30. Each man needed the point desperately: Hoad to win the set—and Trabert to save it. The man who won the point would be only a set away from victory. The loser would be in grave danger. The atmosphere was electric as Lew stepped up to serve.



Hoad sent high-kicking delivery to Tony's backhand (1), then stormed up to the net.

Trabert returned powerfully cross-court (2), also moved up—directly across net. Hoad

was forced to hit a backhand volley which went to Trabert's backhand (3). Tony answered



THIS WAS THE SCENE AT SYDNEY WHEN TRABERT FACED HOAD IN THE OPENER BEFORE A WORLD RECORD CROWD OF 25,578 FANS

spin. I called this to Tony's attention, and you could count on the fingers of one hand the times he was passed after that.

The really big point of the entire Challenge Round came in the third set of the Trabert-Hoad match. A break for Tony at a crucial stage turned the victory tide in our direction. (For details of this important point see the diagrams on pages 56, 57.) The crowd groaned, then applauded this magnificent point which played a vital part in the final victory. Tony capitalized on his big break to win the set, 12-10. His

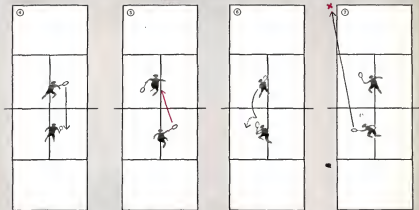
great play provided momentum for the next two victorious matches.

Even with the first two matches in the bag, we approached the doubles with grim determination as if we were behind. I reminded the boys of a year ago when we went ahead 2-1, only to lose the Cup chance in the final singles. It wasn't really necessary, because Vic and Tony were anxious for a quick clincher. We could go into the doubles with some confidence because Tony and Vic had proven they could beat Hoad and Rosewall in recent matches. Here we put into motion our third pat-

tern: the use of the heralded criss-cross system which we sprang on the Australians as a surprise last year. This time we knew they were expecting it, although the team hadn't used it a great deal since 1953. So we decided to use the maneuver sparingly, picking the most advantageous spots. When Trabert faltered temporarily on his service in the second set—the only American service lost, incidentally—it was decided to bring the criss-cross into play.

But even this wasn't enough to give us the early domination we hoped for,

continued on next page



with a low volley down Hoad's forehand side (4). Lew stepped into it and cut loose with a

stinging shot (5) aimed directly at his opponent. With both hands on racket, Tony stabbed

blindly; ball fell weakly across net (6). Hoad, amazed by miracle shot, backhanded down

line; ball was cut by inches (7), giving Trabert the point—and the break he needed.



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1-10

DAVIS CUP continued from page 57

and the first two sets were divided. In the third set with the score 2-3 and Rosewall serving, we brought in a new tactical maneuver: taking the initiative more forcefully and out-hustling the Australians. To do this the boys moved in quickly after making their returns and strove for daring winners. The idea was to win or lose the point quickly. This had a marked psychological effect: forcing the Australian boys to press on their first volley, and soon it broke down their resistance. We broke Ken and Lew and won the third set easily, 6-2. In the very dramatic fourth set, in which the Australians came from behind to stave off four Cup points, Vic and Tony never lost their composure. During a change of courts Vic said to me, "Don't worry, Cap, they're just delaying the inevitable."

A VOW AND A PREDICTION

So the Cup is on its way back to the U.S. thanks to the tremendous team effort. Our Rhodes Scholar, Ham Richardson, again didn't get a chance to get into the Challenge Round, but he was invaluable in the contributions he made to the team. He never became discouraged and always put the team's interest first. Our colts, Mike Green and Gerry Moss, contributed a great deal as trial horses.

The Australians have taken this defeat hard. It is a blow to their national pride. They have vowed to retake the Davis Cup next year at Forest Hills. But they will find the task more difficult than they expect. It has taken us four years to win back the Cup, and we are not borrowing it on a short term loan.



VICTOR SEIXAS AND THE DAVIS CUP

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Dickie Henrie**, sharpshooting Wake Forest center, rolled up 30 points in team's 83-85 win over Southern California in Dixie Classic at Raleigh, N.C., set new four-year college scoring record of 2,164 points. Old mark: 2,154 by Jim Lacy of Loyola of Baltimore (1946-49). ● **Louis Nuta** of Miami pushed his souped-up boat 122.455 mph for new world record in seven-liter class; **Guy C. Wilson** of Los Angeles traveled 85.312 mph for new standard in E racing runabout division at

Orange Bowl regatta speed trials in Miami. ● **Larkin (Sonny) Weedon**, 30-year-old carpenter, broke world dartsin record, bowled five-game total of 786 at Washington, D.C. Old record: 783 by Bill Brozey of Baltimore in 1950. ● **Possie H. Irish**, bred three-year-old colt, breezed mile-and-eighths on turf in 1:47 2/5 to win \$10,000 Arcadia Purse at Santa Anita, Arcadia, Calif., cut full second off old American market set by Abbe Sting on July 4, 1913 at Arlington Park, Chicago.

BASKETBALL

Duquesne staged ironman act, used five men to edge La Salle 67-65 in tense Holiday Festival final at New York. Baskets by **Mickey Winograd**, **St. Green** and **Dick Ricketts** put Duquesne ahead to stay despite eight points in last three minutes by La Salle's great **Tom Gola**, who had 30 in losing cause. Duquesne won way into finals with wins over Villanova 87-68, Dayton 90-75. La Salle eliminated Syracuse 103-54, UCLA 83-77. Later in week La Salle outran St. Louis 88-78.

Dartmouth won sixth straight, slipped favored Connecticut 68-65 on **Dick Fairley**'s long one-hander with five seconds left in New England tournament. **Len Wilson** starred for Indians with 24 points.

Villanova turned in major upset, trounced third-ranked North Carolina State 91-78, ended 12-game winning streak. **Bob Schafer** led Villanova with 33 points, **Jim Smith** starred on defense, State, winner over Minnesota 83-84 on **John Maglio**'s hook shot with nine seconds to go in Dixie Classic final, missed **Cliff Dwyer**, out with infected elbow.

Catholic **John McCarthy** scored 11 straight points, 27 in game, led team to 59-56 win over St. Bonaventure in Queen City affair.

George Washington got tremendous one-two scoring punch from **Joe Holup** (29 points) and **Corby Devlin** (27 points), beat Richmond 89-75 to take Richmond Invitation.

Notre Dame won Sugar Bowl classic 74-69 despite 30 points by **Holy Cross**'s **Tom Heinsohn**. **Jack Stephens** hit for 24 points for Irish, who led by three with 70 seconds to go, then froze half and capitalized on **Holy Cross** foul.

Maryland used fast break to good advantage, surprised Cincinnati 78-61, won Kentucky All-America City honors.

TCU rolled over guest team Alabama 77-62 in Southwest Conference tournament after disposing of SMU 74-71, Texas A&M 72-57. **Dick O'Neal** got hot in first half for TCU, netted 24 of his 39 points.

Missouri swept past Kansas State 89-71, took Big Seven honors. **Med Park** scored 24 points for Tigers, who romped over Nebraska 75-58, beat Oklahoma 95-87 in early games.

Marquette upset Louisville 66-62 for eighth straight after losers defeated Eastern Kentucky 93-77, captured title in Kentucky Invitation.

Kentucky continued burning pace, battered St. Louis 82-65, Temple 101-69, ran unbeaten trail to 32, seven in two. **Bob Burrow** tallied 50 markers in this year, had help from **Phil Grawmeyer** against St. Louis, **Ray Mills** in Temple contest.

Syracuse Nationals split four games, stretched lead to two games over slumping N.Y. Knickerbockers and Boston Celtics, tied for second in Eastern Division of National Basketball Association. Knicks dropped four out of five to Philadelphia, Rochester, Milwaukee, Boston.

Pt. Wayne Pistons whipped Minneapolis Lakers 93-76, Philadelphia 89-66, continued to make runaway of Western Division race. Second-place Lakers broke even in four games, lost ground to streaking Rochester, who won three straight after two-point loss to Syracuse.

FOOTBALL

Ohio State turned two Southern California fumbles into touchdowns, powered way to 20-7 victory in Rose Bowl game played in drenching downpour. Quarterback **Dave Leggett** went over from three, passed 21 points to **Bobby Watkins** to give alert Buckeyes 14-0 lead before Southern Cal's **Arma Mando** got away on spectacular 85-yard punt return. Winners marched 77 yards for clincher in last period, **Jerry Harkader** scoring from nine-yard line.

Navy completely outclassed Mississippi, hammered out 21-0 win in Sugar Bowl. Fullback **Joe Gattuso** scored twice for Middies, shared offensive honors with Quarterback **George Welsh** and Halfback **Johnny Weaver**.

Duke exploded in second half, romped over Nebraska 34-7 in Orange Bowl. Duke's hard-hitting halfbacks, **Bob Pascal** and **Nick McKethan**, and Quarterback **Jerry Barger** broke game wide open in third quarter with sharp thrusts through Cornhusker line, accurate passes.

Georgia Tech scored twice in last half, defeated Arkansas 14-6 in Cotton Bowl. Trailing 8-0, Tech turned loose three crashing fullbacks, **George Humphreys**, **Johnny Hunsinger** and **Dick Mattison**, who ripped Arkansas line, paved way for touchdowns by **Paul Rotenberry** and **Wade Mitchell**.

BASKETBALL'S TOP TEN

(*Order of the Associated Press writers' poll)
Teams made this week, with points figured on a 10 9-9 7-6 5-4 3-2-1 basis (first-place votes in parentheses):

	Points
1-Kentucky (89)	1,070
2-Duquesne (34)	888
3-North Carolina State (32)	878
4-La Salle (32)	836
5-San Francisco (40)	816
6-George Washington	738
7-UCLA (31)	776
8-Utah	759
9-Missouri (32)	752
10-Dartmouth	718

ADDITIONS: 11, Maryland (155); 12, Illinois (141); 13, Minnesota (130); 14, Iowa (120); 15, Niagara (97).

Auburn set new Gator Bowl rushing record of 423 yards, drubbed Baylor 33-13. Fullback **Joe Childress** scored twice on short runs, kicked three extra points, gained 134 yards to pace Auburn attack.

East scored tying touchdown on pass from Notre Dame's **Ralph Guglielmi** to Purdue's **John Kerr** in last quarter, won 13-12 decision over favored West on conversion by Penn State's **Jim Garrity** in Shrine game at San Francisco.

Texas Western's Jesse Whitenton ran for two scores, passed for three more, kicked five extra points, led his team to 47-20 win over Florida State in rough Sun Bowl game.

Port Ord, Calif. scored in first three periods, trampled Fort Hood, Tex. 36-0 in Shrimp Bowl at Galveston, Tex.

TENNIS

U.S. two-man team of **Tony Trabert** and **Vic Seixas** won first three matches, regained coveted Davis Cup from Australia 3-2. Played beautifully, determined Trabert whipped Lew Hoad 6-4, 2-6, 12-10, 6-3, sharp Seixas drubbed Ken Rosewall 8-6, 6-3, 6-4, 6-3 in singles, then teamed to trounce Hoad and Rosewall 6-2, 4-6, 6-2, 10-8 in doubles, clinched Cup for U.S. With pressure off, Australia took last two singles, averted humiliating defeat. Rosewall upset Trabert 9-7, 7-5, 6-3, **Rex Hartwig** replaced injured Hoad, trimmed Seixas 4-6, 6-3, 6-2, 6-3.

Eddie Morjan of Trenton, N.J., outstroked and outmaneuvered Defending Champion **Tom Brown** of San Francisco 6-0, 4-6, 6-1, 6-2, won Sugar Bowl title for third time.

BOXING

Paul Adonis of Buffalo, fifth-ranking light-heavyweight protégé of Joe Louis, floored No. 1 Contender Boardwalk Billy Smith three times, scored sixth-round TKO at Miami. Smith, in line for title shot after eight straight victories, was 2-1 favorite before fight, odds went to 6-5, take your pick at last minute.

Peter Mueller, clowning German middleweight, went down three times in fourth, came back swinging to KO **Ernie Durando** of Bayonne in seventh round at Milwaukee.

Ralph Dupas of New Orleans, clever lightweight contender, outboxed **Cisco Andrade** of Compton, Calif. in 10-round at New Orleans, moved lower title bout with Lightweight Champion **Jimmy Carter**.

HORSE RACING

Mr. Sullivan's driving finish snoot out stablemate, **Guerrero**, won \$29,000 California Breeders' Trial Stakes at Santa Anita, Arcadia, Calif. **Willie Shoemaker**, nation's

continued on next page

COMING EVENTS

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January 7 through 16

FRIDAY, JANUARY 7

Baseball

(Leading college games)

S. California vs. California, Los Angeles.

Stanford vs. UCLA, Stanford, Calif.

(Professionals)

New York vs. Milwaukee, New Haven, Conn.

Boxing

● Floyd Patterson vs. Willie Taz, light heavy-

weights, Mad Sq. Garden, N.Y. (8 rds.), 10 p.m.

(NBC)

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8

Baseball

(Leading college games)

Duke vs. N. Carolina State, Durham, N.C.

Duquesne vs. St. Francis (Pa.), Johnstown, Pa.

Iowa vs. Minnesota, Iowa City, Iowa

Kentucky vs. Georgia Tech, Lexington, Ky.

● Michigan St. vs. Wisconsin, E. Lansing, Mich.

3 p.m. (CBS)

Missouri vs. Nebraska, Columbia, Mo.

NYU vs. Notre Dame, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y.

Nagars vs. St. Bonaventure: Carous vs. St.

Joseph's (Pa.), Memorial Audit., Buffalo, N.Y.

Penn vs. Princeton, Villanova vs. Dayton, Pales-

tina, Philadelphia

S. California vs. California, Los Angeles.

Stanford vs. UCLA, Stanford, Calif.

Temple vs. Lehigh, La Salle vs. Brandeis, Con-

vention Hall, Philadelphia

(Professionals)

Minneapolis vs. Syracuse, Minneapolis

● Philadelphia vs. Boston, Philadelphia, 3 p.m.

(NBC)

Rochester vs. Milwaukee, Rochester, N.Y.

Boxing

● Wallace (Bud) Smith vs. Johnny Constables, light-

weights, Bay Freed Audit., Miami (10 rds.), 9

p.m. (ABC)

Football

● St. Bowl All-Star game, Mobile, Ala., 5:15 p.m.

(CBS)

Hockey

Detroit vs. Chicago, Detroit.

Montreal vs. Boston, Montreal.

Toronto vs. New York, Toronto.

Horse Racing

Santa Catalina Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m., 4-yr-

olds up, Santa Anita, Arcadia, Calif.

Ice Skating

Nagars Int'l championships, Buffalo, N.Y.

World barrel jump championships, Grossinger,

N.Y.

Swimming

U.S. Pan-American synchronized team trials,

Tooele, Utah

SUNDAY, JANUARY 9

Baseball

Boston vs. Rochester, Boston.

Fl. Wayne vs. Minneapolis, Fl. Wayne, Ind.

Milwaukee vs. Syracuse, Milwaukee

New York vs. Philadelphia, New York

Football

Hula Bowl, Hawaii, U.S. College All-Stars vs.

Hawaii All-Stars.

Golf

Los Angeles Open final, Los Angeles.

Matchplay \$7,500 Pre-Amateur, Miami.

Hockey

Boston vs. Toronto, Boston.

Chicago vs. Detroit, St. Louis.

New York vs. Montreal, New York.

MONDAY, JANUARY 10

Baseball

Duquesne vs. Dayton, Pittsburgh.

Holy Cross vs. Notre Dame, Boston.

Iowa vs. Michigan St., Iowa City, Ia.

Kentucky vs. Du Paul, Lexington, Ky.

Boxing

● Hector Constantine vs. Johnny Brown, welter-

weights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du

Ment)

● Rudy Garcia vs. Bobbe Bell, featherweights, East-

ern Pkwy., Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC)

Fishing

Int'l. Light Tackle Sailfish Tournament, W. Palm

Beach, Fla.

Ice Skating

Silver Skates, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 11

Baseball

(Leading college games)

Carous vs. Nagars, Memorial Audit., Buffalo,

N.Y.

N. Carolina St. vs. Furman, Raleigh, N.C.

● Selon Hall vs. Wake Forest, Iona vs. St. Bonave-

nture, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y., 9:15 p.m. (Metrol)

(Professionals)

Minneapolis vs. Syracuse, Minneapolis

Rochester vs. Milwaukee, 7 p.m. C.S.T., Fl.

Wayne vs. Boston, 9 p.m. C.S.T., Fl. Wayne.

Shuffleboard

Nat. singles championship, Lakeland, Fla.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12

Baseball

(Leading college games)

Dayton vs. Cincinnati, Dayton, O.

La Salle vs. Muhlenberg, Philadelphia.

San Francisco vs. Santa Clara, San Francisco.

(Professionals)

Rochester vs. Minneapolis, Rochester, N.Y.

Boxing

● Rocky Castellani vs. Holly Miles, middleweights,

Cleveland Arena (12 rds.), 10 p.m. (CBS).

Hockey

Chicago vs. Boston, Chicago.

● New York vs. Toronto, New York, 9:15 p.m. (W-

ibn).

THURSDAY, JANUARY 13

Baseball

Boston vs. New York, 7:45 p.m., Philadelphia vs.

Minneapolis, 9:30 p.m., Philadelphia

Syracuse vs. Fl. Wayne, Syracuse, N.Y.

Hockey

Detroit vs. Boston, Detroit

Shooting

World shotgun championships, Cairo, Egypt.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 14

Baseball

(Leading college games)

Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, Hanover, N.H.

UCLA vs. S. California, Los Angeles

Utah vs. Utah St., Salt Lake City.

(Professionals)

Fl. Wayne vs. New York, 7:15 p.m., Boston vs.

Minneapolis, 9:15 p.m., Boston

Milwaukee vs. Philadelphia, Milwaukee.

Swimming

Men's & women's nat'l. individual match game

championships begin, Chicago.

Boxing

● Danilo Loi vs. Eddie Chaver, lightweights, Miami

Beach Audit., (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Johnny Saxton vs. Ronnie Delaney, welterweights

(cont'd), Akron Amory (10 rds.).

Golf

Ben Crosby \$10,000 Pre-Amateur, Cypress Pt.,

Monterey Peninsula, Pebble Beach club, Calif.

Hockey

Chicago vs. New York, Chicago.

Tennis

Thunderbird Invitation, Phoenix C.C., Ariz.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15

Redwines

Ohio State Closed, Moraine C.C., Dayton, O.

Rhode Island Invitation Doubles, Providence.

Baseball

(Leading college games)

Columbia vs. Cornell, New York

Fordham vs. Duquesne, New York

Geo. Washington vs. Maryland, Washington, D.C.

La Salle vs. Lebanon Valley, St. Joseph's vs. Fur-

man, Convention Hall, Philadelphia.

Nagars vs. Colgate, Nagars Falls, N.Y.

N. Carolina St. vs. Wake Forest, Raleigh, N.C.

● Ohio St. vs. Illinois, Columbus, O., 3 p.m. (CBS)

Tulane vs. Kentucky, New Orleans

UCLA vs. S. California, Los Angeles

Utah vs. Montana, Salt Lake City.

(Professionals)

● Milwaukee vs. Philadelphia, Milwaukee, 3 p.m.

(NBC)

● New York vs. Fl. Wayne, New York, 9 p.m. (Met-

rol)

Rochester vs. Minneapolis, Rochester, N.Y.

Boxing

● Italo Scorticchi vs. Joe Mick, middleweights,

Dinner Key Audit., Miami (10 rds.), 9 p.m. (ABC).

Fishing

Silver Sailfish Derby begins, Palm Beach, Fla.

Golf

Sea Island Ladies' Invitational, Sea Island, Ga.

Hockey

Montreal vs. Detroit, Montreal.

Toronto vs. Boston, Toronto.

Horse Racing

Tropical Handicap, \$15,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up,

Tropical Pl., Coral Gables, Fla.

San Fernando Stakes, \$25,000, 1 1/16 m., 4-yr-

olds, Santa Anita, Arcadia, Calif.

Ice Skating

Eastern Olympic Speed Skating Trials, Grossing-

er, N.Y.

New England championships, Gifford, N.H.

Track & Field

Knights of Columbus meet, Boston Garden.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 16

Auto Racing

Argentine Gran Premio, Buenos Aires.

Baseball

Boston vs. New York, Boston.

Fl. Wayne vs. Milwaukee, Fl. Wayne.

Minneapolis vs. Philadelphia, Minneapolis.

Syracuse vs. Rochester, Syracuse, N.Y.

Football

Pro Bowl Game, East vs. West, Los Angeles.

Hockey

Boston vs. Montreal, Boston.

Chicago vs. Toronto, Chicago

Detroit vs. New York, Detroit

Track & Field

Amenca Miracle Mile, Los Angeles Coliseum.

SNOW PATROL

CO=cons snow; GR=grains; PO=powder;
IC=icy condition; HP=hard-packed snow; W=
wet; HB=hard base; SB=soft base; NS=new
snow; BC=breakable crust; BS=bare spots;
CL=trail or slope closed; DC=dangerous con-
dition; UC=unbreakable crust.

NUMERALS REPRESENT RANGES OF SNOW



A late roundup of snow conditions in America from a picked group of local skiers

COMPILED BY BILL WALLACE

There is near-perfect skiing now in the nation's more northerly areas. Midwest, Southern California and lower New England still need snow

FAR WEST: MT. BALDY, CALIF.: 4-6 W but rain had previously ruined base. Needed to operate: 6-12 NS. Area has played host to plenty of sightseers and snowball commandos but no skiers as yet.
SQUAW VALLEY, CALIF.: Skiing here has been excellent the past month. On top of the mountain there is 12-34 new PO on an estimated 96 base. Down below is 12 new PO on 36. The lodge is sold out again for this weekend. If driving, be sure to bring chains.
KNOX, NEV.: Local drumbeaters claim skiing here is best in the Far West. They have a point: 15-35 PO on 65 HB at the 5k Bowl with conditions rated excellent. New Year's business broke all previous records. Don't forget to bring auto chains.

NORTHWEST: MT. BAKER, WASH.: How is heaven for those who find difficult turning in snow up to the knees. 29 NS, dry but not PO. On 56 HP with temperatures below 20. Crowds have been heavy but with everything operating there is no waiting. Bring the chains.

ENCLAVE/ALASKA PARK, WASH.: Ski skiers sponsored by local newspapers begin this weekend and will cruise a 15 minute wait on most lifts. 4 NS on 50 total means good conditions. Chains are a good idea.

MT. ROOSE, ORE.: At Timberline everyone's smiling because of a snow PO on 77. Little Betty is operating but not the chair lift. Temp. 26-35. The aerial tramway is running. Govt. Camp has 4 new PO on 44 and rods

have packed PO surfaces, no chains are a must.
GEORGE MT., BRITISH COLUMBIA: 16-16 NS on 33-64 HP and HB with conditions good. On lower areas the snow is still heavy in spots and demands caution. The tow chair lifts will carry heavy traffic this weekend due to local newspaper's ski school, largest in Canada.

ROCKY MTS.-ASPEN, COLO.: All trails open except Bell Mountain and Silver Queen. 3 NS on 36 at top of mountain, 3 NS on 12 lower trails. Ruthless Run rates excellent. All roads open, but there is half-hour wait for chair.
ARAPARK, COLO.: 4 packed PO on 22 conditions good, but another 12 NS would help smooth out the surfaces. Average Sunday crowds have been running around 500 which can mean a 15-minute wait on the lift.
JACKSON, WYO.: Area is operating at last with 5 NS on 12 partly packed base.

SUN VALLEY, IDA.: 9 new PO on 14-25 HP with overall totals 26-35. All eight lifts are operating and the sking is excellent.
UTAH: 16 PO on 35 HP temps. around 25. Waiting time for lifts 10 minutes. Area has had excellent skiing to date with December's attendance total 27,068, 4,600 over 1953.

WINTERHUT, WYOM.: 15-16 PO on 3-14 with some snow not packed out. Skiing rates near perfect.
BAVET, ALBERTA: Area has 2 NS on 15 but more is needed. Chair lift is still closed.

MIDWEST: ROYAL MT., MICH.: New snow provided skiing for the first time. 3 packed PO

on 1-4 HB. Olympic Champion Stein Eriksen, now teaching here, did aerial acrobatics in New Year's torchlight parade and sent the folks home gasping.

BIB. MT., WIS.: Snow fell everywhere in this central area last week except on the ski slopes. 5 HB far on lower slopes, none on upper areas. 5 NS needed for good skiing.

TERRY PEAK, S. DAK.: With temperatures in the 40s, the weather is poor for snowfalls. 2-3 PO on 16 HB. HB, skiing poor. Lift operates on weekends only.

NEW ENGLAND: STOWE, VT. Trails are in excellent shape with no sign of IC which accommodations make January skiing here uncomfortable. On Mansfield there is 5-6 new PO on 16-30 HB. Spruce Peak has 7 NS on 16-36. This is a good weekend to try Stowe because post-New Year's weekend means small crowds.
WADSWORTH, VT.: Perfect skiing expected to continue with 4-6 new PO on 13-34 HB.
BIG SUMMIT, VT.: Despite occasional rains, conditions remain good to excellent. 6 PO on 4-15 frozen HB. New Year's attendance totalled around 5,596. Grids Trophy giant slalom here Jan. 3.

FRANCONIA, N.H.: Cannon Mt. has 5 new PO on 1-30 base, upper trails fair to good with lower part to good under area's compensating rating system. Occasional snow uncrowded during January, hence good spot to visit for ski week.

NORTH CONWAY, N.H.: Trails and slopes need only minimum cover, so skiing is good with 4-6 W on 4-8 HB upper, 4-5 W on 2-3 HB in lower areas.

DEERMEAD, MASS.: Little skiing this winter and the immediate prospects are discouraging. Juniper Peak has a 3 GR base, other areas less and all are closed.

NEW YORK: WHITEFACE MT. 1 PO on 8 GR with conditions fair to good. Forecast: almost followed by snow.

VERMONT: The 15 HB has held up despite recent rain. Skiing rates fair to good but a new powder surface would help.

BEAUFORT, 1-6 frozen GR with conditions poor to fair but everything is open and the lift runs daily. Gross receipts for December set a record for the month.

PENNSYLVANIA: LONGMEAD: Temperatures in the 40s closed down the base. 9-10 W and GR, poor on the upper trails and no skiing in lower areas.

QUEBEC: MONT TREMBLANT: A 14-inch blizzard last week raised the base totals to 25 minimum, 35 maximum, highest in the East. 2-4 PO surface means excellent skiing.

LAC BRANT, QUE.: Area has 5 new PO on 31-60 HP and excellent skiing. Despite recent snowstorm roads are clear.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

A digest of last-minute reports from fishermen and other unreliable sources

KEY TO SYMBOLS

FG=fishing good; F=fishing fair;
FP=fishing poor; OG=outlook
good; OF=outlook poor.

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

SHARK: CALIFORNIA: Threshers in big schools off Carpinteria last week and should be there still, taking from surfmen fished off kelp beds, and taking like swordfish when hooked.

STEELHEAD TROUT: BRITISH COLUMBIA: Cleghorn River in best hot or mainland, with many first catches of fish to 15 pounds reported. Vendor producing poorly. On Vancouver Island, Campbell River run is skippy and Quinn is below par, but Bow River was hot several days last week. Rivers from Courtenay south are in good shape and yielding some fish; if present cool weather continues. **OK.**

CALIFORNIA: Hard-working sport anglers are taking occasional steelhead from streams but

OG with higher water; best bets are Eel, Sacramento, Grubbs and Garzas. Commercial boats report lots of fish off Morro Bay but more rains are needed to start southern runs. Oregon: Sandy River is high and falling. OG this week; but outlook is poor on most coastal streams for next 10 days.

WASHINGTON: Before Greens River rose last week Paul Carnes of Seattle beached 23½-pound steelhead, second biggest ever taken from Washington waters, and many others over 20 pounds reported. With driftable water the Bogachiel, Skykomish, Snohomish, Hump-tulup and Setty should give fast action on rose, yarn, chatty bobbers and brass spoons.

SAILFISH: FLORIDA: Huge schools of sail and many bait-balls reported along southeast coast with bait concentration due west of Ft. Pierce; last week charter boats averaged eight fish daily. OG rest of month. International light-tackle sailfish tournament starts at Palm Beach Jan. 10 and should be great success; all day except rewards will be released.

MEXICO: Acapulco boats averaging seven strikes and four fish per trip but few big fish reported.

BLACK BASS: MISSISSIPPI: OG in Pascagoula River, Mary Walker and Bert Fayson and all waters connected to Bay of Biloxi on heavy rains last week should activate bigmouths. Florida: Kissimmee River and headwater lakes good here. Charlie Appika Creek and Horse Creek (near Wauchula) producing many bass over five pounds. On west coast upper Withlacoochee and Rainbow rivers are worth a try (good deep-running plug slowly, or swim live

shiner). Matthews Mill Pond and Ochlockonee Pond near Marianna are lake warm, with top-water plug most popular here, and OG.

MISSOURI: Last week's run raised White River seven feet; James is high but falling; OF in most of this state's water through next 10 days.

TROUT: NEVADA: Ordine Walker Lake electrofishing are wallowing wobbler cast from shore or trolled; top fish so far is 13½ pounds; OG and improving through February and March.

SNOOK: FLORIDA: Troll any yellow-feathered rig or big bucktail in north fork of St. Lucie River and you may acquire a 29-pound snook and sore wrist.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

1-Bill Vaughn, Vincent S. O'Addams, 4-Bill Phillips
Hoboken 15-13-UP; 14-Steven H. Bromberg; 15-Bruce
van Meek; 16-Richard Mark; 17-Thomas J. Burrows,
Troy, Ind.; 21, 18-Mike Garrett Goshier, Hines,
23-25-Martin J. Agy; 25-Richard Marks; 26-4-P
12, 29-Martin J. Agy; 30-Mark Kaufman; 31, Martin
J. Agy; 31-Gene Greenberg; 32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222-1223-1224-1225-1226-1227-1228-1229-1230-1231-1232-1233-1234-1235-1236-1237-1238-1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BASKETBALL

ALONZO, ALONZO

"Why doncha move the ball?" asks Coach Loeffler, whose speeches help La Salle win

by ROGER KAHN



KEN LOEFFLER

ONCE, when the class struggle was considerably younger than it is today, a Yale basketball team coached by Ken Loeffler traveled to Peoria, Ill. for a game with Bradley. Yale was, of course, overmatched and it was clear that only the greatest of orations by Loeffler could avert disaster. Fortunately, Loeffler has an oration to fit almost any occasion.

Just before the game, the little band of Elis huddled in the visitors' locker room, a mere beaverboard partition away from the room where Bradley's team was similarly grouped. Loeffler climbed a stool and, with every Yale eye upon him, inhaled, as a preface to his speech. He proceeded no further.

Before Loeffler could declaim a syllable, the voice of the Bradley coach boomed through the partition.

"Men of Bradley! Tonight you will be playing against the sons of the men who own the factories in which you will some day be working. But you are not working in them yet. . . ."

Yale lost the basketball game by more points than anyone remembers, and that night in Peoria stands as the only occasion when Ken Loeffler was unable to deliver a pregame philippic.

In some 30 years of coaching, Loeffler has probably cleaved the general air with more speech than any of his rivals. That covers considerable territory, including as it does the Oxonian-accented addresses of New York's Nat Holman and the basketball-boasted-me-from-slag-heaps-to-heights style of West Virginia-born Clair Bee.

ANOTHER ORATION

Lately Loeffler has been coaching a National Championship team at La Salle College and has also developed an ulcer. There was an inclination to wonder whether these recent developments had cramped the man's speaking delivery. A quick trip to Philadelphia last week ended the wondering.

At 4:30 one afternoon, the team gathered in the gymnasium for drill. Loeffler trotted out a blackboard, took some scouting records from his pocket,

exacted a pledge of secrecy from a sportswriter and began to read the report aloud and to chalk diagrams.

It was pretty dry stuff on the blackboard for a while, but soon Loeffler split his team into bad guys (without shirts) and good guys (with shirts) in the chilly gym. While the bad guys played the role of the opposition and the good guys played the role of La Salle, Loeffler drilled them all on technical basketball. Within a few minutes he was punctuating the drill with rapid, nontechnical oration.

"Alonzo, Alonzo," he pleaded to one of the good guys. "Why doncha hustle when you haven't got the ball? Didn't you hustle when you didn't have the ball in high school? No, you always had the ball when you were in high school. Well, you're in college now."

"Yods," Loeffler addressed a bad guy, "we're going to make a trip and we can't take everybody. Fredericks will make it instead of you if you don't start to bustle like Fredericks. He's terrible, but he hustles."

"Alonzo, why doncha watch Greenberg? Look at how he's moving. I wish

Greenberg had your physique, Alonzo. He'd be playing all the time."

"Gomer, you lost the ball. That's what drives me nuts. Maybe that's what you want to do."

There followed a long Loeffler sigh. "Übung macht den Meister," he muttered. "They don't understand that, but it doesn't matter. They don't understand anything I say."

So it went for a couple of hours. When the drill was over, La Salle's National Champions had pretty much learned the secret maneuvers Loeffler had been working to teach.

Sometimes the players chuckled at Loeffler and sometimes Loeffler chuckled at the players. Chuckling most was Tom Gola (Sr., Dec. 27), who, great as his potential was, must be viewed as a monument to Loeffler coaching. Gola also must be viewed as a cause of Loeffler's ulcer. He graduates in June, leaving an unpluggable gap in the squad.

"My freshman team," said Loeffler, "consists entirely of A students."

"But, Kenny," someone asked, "what do they expect you to do when Gola's gone?"

"Coach harder," Loeffler said.

In a clutch, the man can quote good chunks of Shakespeare and next season it might be: "Alonzo, Alonzo, thou marble-hearted forward." But next season Alonzo likely will have mastered the tricks of movement Loeffler is drilling into him. Next season, or any season, nothing short of a return of the class struggle can stop Loeffler from talking his basketball teams to heights they are not good enough to reach without him.



United Press

LA SALLE BOWS TO KENTUCKY

Kentucky's star center Bob Burrow outjumped Tom Gola, the star of La Salle, and Kentucky defeated the Explorer five. Even setbacks like this don't faze Loeffler. "I don't care about losing now," he declared. "I prefer to be judged by time, the wisest of all counsellors." Plutarch said that. Loeffler is saving his quotations from Shakespeare for bigger games later in the season.

GOLF

REMEMBER BY?

A decade ago, Byron Nelson started a year of golf which even today seems fantastic

by HERBERT WARREN WIND



A WEEK or so ago, when the PGA officially released the news that the \$65,819.81 which young Bob Toski collected in prize money in 1954 constituted a new one-year record haul for a pro, the announcement mentioned in passing that the former mark was the \$63,335.66 which Byron Nelson rang up in 1945. Nineteen forty-five—a brief decade back and yet, when you think about it, it seems like ages ago. It is a good while back, the way the world spins today and packs so many events into the width of a year.

When you narrow down your nostalgia and just focus on golf as it was at that time, you begin and end with John Byron Nelson, a young man from Texarkana taking on for the first time the considerable corpulence he has lugged around ever since, a deeply pleasant and mild man whom hemophilia had kept out of the service, the first of our golfers whose technique was so grooved and compact that everyone referred to him as a machine but who, compared to subsequent colder golf machines, represents, say, the difference between "motoring" and "driving." This past year, in surpassing the mark for total winnings which Nelson set in '45, Bob Toski won four tournaments (including the Tam with its

\$50,000). This is a superb achievement, for the field today is much hungrier than the field Nelson faced. In 1944, when Nelson swept just about everything before him—he averaged 69.67 shots per round for his 85 rounds in competition—the pro pack was headed by Jug McSpaden, Sam Byrd, Toney Penna, and Ellsworth Vines with supplementation from time to time by Dutch Harrison, Bob Hamilton, Craig Wood, Mike Turnesa, and Jim Ferrier. In '45 the field was bolstered during a good part of the year—before he broke his arm and after it mended—by Sam Snead, who had been discharged from the Navy, and from the summer on it included nearly everyone who had been away, among them Ben Hogan, I bring this up because the string of victories Nelson rolled up en route to his record earnings in '45 looms so fantastic from the vantage of '55 that it is difficult to believe that he could have done what he did unless there had been no first-class opposition whatsoever. Indeed there was.

Probably the most eloquent way to review Nelson's fabulous year is to eschew a dramatic presentation and merely set down the tournament schedule event by event and let the bare facts and figures speak for themselves.

Los Angeles Open—won by Snead, Nelson tied second, a stroke behind . . . Phoenix Open—won by Nelson with a total of 274, 16 under par . . . Tucson Open—won by Ray Mangrum, Nelson (269) a stroke behind . . . San Antonio Open—won by Byrd, Nelson (259) a stroke behind . . . Corpus Christi Open—won by Nelson with 264, 16 under par . . . New Orleans Open—won by Nelson (with a 65) in play-off with McSpaden . . . Gulfport Open—won by Snead in play-off with Nelson . . . Pensacola Open—won by Snead, Nelson (274) second . . . Jacksonville Open—won by Snead, Nelson (275) sixth . . . Miami Football—won by Nelson and McSpaden over Byrd and Shute . . . Charlotte Open—won by Nelson after play-off with Snead . . . Greensboro Open—won by Nelson with 271, an eight-stroke margin . . . Durham Open—won by Nelson, with a final round of 65 . . . Atlanta Open—won by Nelson with 263, 13 under par . . . Canadian PGA Open—won by Nelson with 268, a 16-stroke margin . . . Philadelphia Inquirer Open—won by Nelson, 269, last round of 63 . . . Chicago Victory Open—won by Nelson with 275, a seven-stroke margin . . . PGA Championship—won by Nelson. Match play. Nelson 47 under par for 204 holes . . . St. Paul Open—Nelson sits it out . . . Tam O'Shanter Open—won by Nelson, 269, 11-stroke margin over Hogan and Sarazen . . . Canadian Open—won by Nelson, 260, four-stroke margin . . . Memphis Open—Nelson finally stopped. Won by Haas. Nelson tied for fourth . . . Supreme Open (Knoxville)—won by Nelson (276), 10-stroke margin . . . Nashville Open—won by Hogan, Nelson runner-up for second . . . Dallas Open—won by Snead, Nelson third . . . Tulsa Open—won by Snead, Nelson fourth . . . Esmeralda Open (Spokane)—won by Nelson with 66-70-66-64—266 . . . Portland Open—won by Hogan with 65-69-63-64—261 . . . Tacoma Open—won by Jimmy Hines, Nelson ninth . . . Seattle Open—won by Nelson with 62-68-63-66—259 . . . Richmond Open, North and South Open, Durham Open, Mobile Open, Miami Open—Nelson, over-golfed, sits them out . . . Glen Garden Open (Fort Worth)—Nelson returns, wins with 273.

There it is—the most incredible stretch of sustained golf any man has ever played. Eighteen victories in 30 starts. Eleven victories in a row. An average of 68.33 for 120 tournament rounds, or about 320 under par, a remarkable figure even considering the lenient condition of wartime courses. All in all, one of the four imperishable performances in modern golf, along with Jones's Grand Slam in 1930, Little's "double-double" in 1934 and '35, and Hogan's sweep in 1953 of the Masters, the U.S. Open, and the British.

As for the dough itself, had Nelson been playing at present-day prices—and allotting him \$50,000 for his victory in the 1945 Tam tournament—the accounting room tells he would have picked up upward of \$125,000.



"Darn it! This one's taken too!"



TIP FROM THE TOP



Particularly for beginners
but useful for all golfers

from **MIKE TURNESA**, pro at Knollwood Country Club

A NUMBER of golfers I know who want to improve their game handicap their progress at the very beginning of the stroke. When they address the ball, they stretch their arms out so tautly that their forearms become as stiff as boards and their shoulders are all knotted up. Before they even begin the swing, they are extremely tense—and you cannot be muscularly rigid and expect to play good golf.

When you are addressing the ball, your arms should be comfortably flexed, not extended rigidly. Now there are many ways to obtain this position. One method which I personally find helpful is to address the ball slightly off the toe of the club. During the swing, the arms are bound to do some stretching, for they extend themselves naturally. This stretching brings the center of the club head squarely into the ball. It is not a conscious effort to "reach for the ball." You simply arrive at the ball, your arms fully extended as they should be, but muscularly alive.

A large number of our finest players, Bob Jones and Tommy Armour, for example, employed this method of address. They found it suited them. It may not suit everyone, but I seriously recommend it to the beginner and the "hacker" as a tip they should examine. It can be a sound provision for relaxation throughout the swing.



NEXT WEEK'S GUEST PRO: JOHNNY REVOLTA ON THE CHIP SHOT

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Transistor and Digital Computer Techniques

Digital computers similar to the successful Hughes airborne fire control computers are being applied by the Ground Systems Department to the information processing and computing functions of large ground radar weapon control systems.

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Reference of applicant must not cause
disclosure of an urgent military project.

THE DELEGATE FROM THE U.S.
Sirs:

In your last issue (SI, Dec. 20) I found, among other things, a very good article on skiing by Roland Palmedo. Unfortunately, there is too much truth to his observations about U.S. ski diplomacy on the international level. It is, however, not generally known that the National Ski Association of America (NSA) is a deficit operation with a ridiculously low budget. The NSA is not financially independent, so the seven divisions of the NSA have to contribute to the operation of the NSA. Thus being unable to pay the expenses of its delegates to the FIS World Congress, the NSA had to call on people who could afford to pay their own way even though they may not have been the most qualified representatives.

Our new and current ski administration, with Albert Sigal of California at the head, is trying to put the NSA back on its feet and to secure better support among all skiers. In one of my issues you estimated that there are approximately three million skiers in the U.S., and of them only about 55,000 are affiliated with the NSA.

Recently, at a board of directors meeting of the NSA at Colorado Springs (all directors went there at no expense to the NSA), I was appointed as one of three delegates to represent the National Ski Association of America to the FIS World Congress in Switzerland this year. It will be necessary for me to raise at least half of the cost of such a trip, and I am certain I will. Mr. Palmedo brought out the fact that most past delegates have been unable to speak any other language but their own. Fortunately, I can speak Norwegian fluently, can converse with Swedes, have studied German eight years, plus having been subject to German occupation for five years, but my two years' studies of French could not keep me from speaking with gestures rather than sounds. Competitively and administratively I have been connected with skiing for 20 years (I'm now pushing 29) and have skied much in Norway and throughout the U.S.

It is my desire to become completely familiar with past actions of the FIS, and to attend these meetings in Switzerland with the purpose in mind to work for better relations between the nations, for better skiing and facilities in the U.S. and all other countries, for better and more uniform understanding of the amateur code, and to attempt to restore other countries' confidence in the United States as an important skiing nation.

GUSTAV F. RAAUM

Seattle

FOR LOVE, NOT MONEY

Sirs:

Mr. Roland Palmedo, whose great contributions to skiing have long been recognized throughout North America, states (SI, Dec. 20), "The FIS, unfortunately, holds the paradoxical rule that a professional ski instructor is a competitive amateur."

Why not, Mr. Palmedo?

Ski races have no prize money. All racers ski for the excitement of competing and

the honor of winning. If he races, the ski instructor usually loses income. His season is short. The time used for training, traveling and racing is nonproductive. If hurt, the rest of the season is lost. The instructor races because he loves to race.

Teaching skiing is not advantageous to a racer. The average pupil is a beginner or an intermediate; this means slow skiing. No help when he has to pour himself over a tough downhill course at 60 mph.

The FIS title, World's Champion, should be held by the best ski racer in the world. This might not be true if Mr. Palmedo had his theories put into practice.

On this continent, the Harriman Cup at Sun Valley and the Ryan Cup at Mont Tremblant seem to many to have become more important than their respective national championships. Both these races award the cup to the racer with the best time, regardless of classification. Yet, last year both races were won by amateurs.

Ski racing requires clear, decisive thinking. It deserves the same type of thinking from its representatives on the international ski councils.

Congratulations to SI for its excellent job covering the wonderful white world of skiing.

WADE HAMPTON IV
President, Canadian Ski
Instructors Alliance
Mont Tremblant, Canada

WHOLE SOME REPORTING

SIRS:

SI HIT A LOW NOTE US WHEN HERMAN PICKED US TO GET LICKED FOUR WEEKS IN A ROW. HOWEVER AS HIS JUDGMENT IMPROVED OUR ATTITUDE TOWARD YOUR MAGAZINE CHANGED. NINE YEAR OLD STEVE PARTICULARLY ENJOYED YOUR ARTICLE ON OLD FISTOLS AND MY WIFE ANN LIKES THE FOOTBALL COVERAGE. YOURS IS A GREAT CHALLENGE IN A FIELD IN WHICH SOME WHOLE SOME REPORTING CAN DO MUCH FOR AMATEUR SPORTS. I HOPE YOUR MAGAZINE WILL ANSWER THIS CHALLENGE.

WOODY HAYES
FOOTBALL COACH
OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY
COLUMBUS, O.

● But Herman picked Ohio in the Rose Bowl.—ED.

SOMEDAY THEY WILL

Sirs:

My sister, Mary Beth Hellman, coached by Charles (Spud) Abbott, learned to swim when she was six years old. She is now eight and has been swimming in competition for one and a half years. She is in the same age group as Debby Lee (SI, Dec. 6). My sister has beaten Debby twice, the only times she swam against her. Mary has won her team letter and a star for being loyal to the Peninsula Club Team. In her one and a half years of swimming she has won seven first-place ribbons, three first-place medals, and in her first half year she won three others. To top it off she won two cups for being the best "eight years old and under" swimmer on our swimming team. And she went through eight straight dual meets unde-

feated. In the championship meet my sister placed first to Debby Lee's third.

Anyhow, none of these meets are very important. We live very close to Palo Alto and nobody around here has heard of Debby Lee except us because my sister beat her. Nobody ever heard of my sister either, but maybe someday they will. Why don't you put my sister's picture in your magazine, like you did for Debby. We took it right after we saw Debby's picture.

RETA HELLMAN

San Mateo, Cal.

● Fine, here it is.—ED.



MARY HELLMAN

NEW GAME, OLD MASTER

Sirs:

H. Allen Smith's most interesting article on the Lenz-Culbertson match of 1931 certainly brings back memories.

In particular I liked being referred to as a young man with black hair. Today I am white-haired and 62.

However, there is a young Jacoby now playing. My 21-year-old son, Private James O. Jacoby, U.S.A., became the youngest life master in the country when he and I finished second in the men's team at the recent National Championships in Atlanta.

Of the contestants in the Lenz-Culbertson match, I am the only one who is still active in bridge circles and I have no expectation of quitting in the near future. The game is too much fun, and continues to be the world's number-one card game in spite of occasional challenges from other games.

Incidentally, a new challenge is about to take place. The game of Calypso (see below), which is an import from England, is commencing to be played in various places. This new game which, while primarily of the bridge family, does introduce some of

the ideas of canasta, has a great deal to it, and I imagine many of your readers will be trying it out in the near future.

OSWALD JACOBY

Dallas

● When Mary McHale Jacoby announced her engagement to Oswald Jacoby, a "bridge expert," her friends at first were pleased over the addition of an engineer to the family, somewhat alarmed when she explained Jacoby made his living from the card game.

They need not have worried. Oswald Jacoby was an intellectual prodigy who played auction bridge at six, entered Columbia University at 15 and at 21 became the youngest certified actuary in the country. The '29 depression prodded Jacoby, who had retired young, to combine his considerable mathematical ability, excellent memory and love for cards into a profession. Since then he has been ranked as one of the top bridge players each year and has made a great deal of money lecturing and writing on the game. It was Jacoby who skimmed the cream off the amazing postwar canasta boom that put two jokers into several million packs of cards. He hopes to repeat with Calypso, announced by its English developers as the first really "original" game of the century. In Calypso, four players are dealt 13 cards in each of four deals from a four-pack deck. Each player draws for his own individual trump suit which remains constant for the deal. The object is to take tricks, which are placed face up on the table, and from these to build an ace-high sequence in trumps called Calypso.—ED.



JAMES AND OSWALD JACOBY

NO. 3

Sirs: Having just read your *November Song* in SI, I cannot resist writing to tell you how much I enjoyed it. The college reunion—the old grads singing—hit me in the right spot, especially my sense of humor.

But above all, Public School No. 3 because I know it so well. I had to migrate from Englewood, N.J. to find me a wife in Brooklyn. The family, Dr. Andrew Lawrence, lived on Jefferson near Marcy, one block from Hancock. And when my wife, then Eleanor Lawrence, received her first assignment as a substitute teacher it was at

—No. 3! She stood 5 feet and scaled 97 lbs. and was given the toughest class, most of the boys taller than she. At the end of a week the principal congratulated her: "You lasted a whole week—a record—the others generally last one day!"

Since then we have raised 11 children, so perhaps the experience was valuable.

PAUL D. MURPHY

Rockville Centre, N.Y.

● We raise our voice again to P.S. 3.—ED.

MORE

Sirs:

I love MATCHWIT and hope you will have more of them.

ANNE MCCHERNEY

Fort Thomas, Ky.

● We will try for one a month.—ED.

THERE IT IS

Sirs:

I appreciate your editorial approach to the under-teen-agers, who, like my eight-to-ten-year-olds, pore over each issue, beg for new copies two to three days before mail-arrival time, and who are wowed by the impact of the sports panorama you present. And now, not at all least, please, for my kids' sake, could you direct the new MATCHWIT to their level. I'm for them! And we're for you. So, there it is.

A. D. KREMS, Ph.D.

Los Angeles

FROM RIGHT TO LEFT...

Sirs:

In the Dec. 20 issue I was greatly perturbed by your MATCHWIT puzzle. I tried to work the puzzle with a friend of mine but found that it was next to impossible due to the fact that I am one of those awkward writing left-handers. One of these days make a MATCHWIT puzzle for us left-handers so that we can stop worrying about getting part of words written over the top of our hands by our right-handed opponent.

I hope you will continue to put out as excellent a magazine as you have in the past.

JOHN DE HOOG JR.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

NOW WHAT?

Sirs:

Re: MATCHWIT. I'm left-handed. My partner is right-handed. Now what?

LARRY T. SHAW

New York

● Ourman Ajay offers a solution.—ED.

En Garde!



OLYMPICS: COX PLAN (CONT'D)

Sirs:

Read with great interest the letter on Olympic training sent in by William D. Cox of Salt Lake City. Had the pleasure of chatting with Bill at the annual meeting of the Amateur Athletic Union held last month at Miami Beach.

With the great Russian athletes making such tremendous strides in track and field and other European stars beginning to monopolize records formerly held by Americans, such a plan as outlined by Bill Cox might be the answer to our problem. A big surprise to followers of track and field sport in the U.S.A. (who customarily lead the world in practically all of the running events) is that we have but one man in a running event who is considered a world leader. *Track News* rates Charley Thomas of Texas as the world's number-one sprinter with a mark of 26.5 for the 220-yard dash. If we wish to dominate the track and field sport in the 1956 Olympic Games something radical must be done.

JAMES A. LEE

U.S.A. Olympic Committee

Cleveland

YOU WILL DESTROY THE SPIRIT

Sirs:

I think that the emphasis that is being placed on winning the 1956 Olympics is extremely unfortunate, since it will destroy the spirit of the modern Olympics. The effect of this emphasis is to fix the spotlight of attention on a duel between the U.S.S.R. and the U.S., and I am afraid that this overemphasis is maintained until the games take place, a "defeat" of the U.S. will be looked upon by your American people as a defeat of the American way of life. This is particularly unfortunate....

With the vast strides which are being made in improved performances in athletic activity it seems only reasonable that the standard of ability that can be attained by an athlete in his undergraduate years will not be sufficient to carry U.S. colors to victory in future international competitions. It will be necessary to develop intensive programs to keep these athletes interested in postgraduate competition. While the standard of the American college athlete has been steadily progressing, no one would seriously suggest that the majority of athletes reach their maximum peak at the age of 21 or 22, except in certain events.... These are the lessons to be learned from the rise not only of the Iron Curtain athletes but also from the tremendous strides which have been made by athletes from the British Commonwealth....

FREDERICK N. A. ROWELL

Vancouver, B.C.

WATCH IT

Sirs:

I just noticed the colorful picture sequence of the mongoose and the cobra. There is a film sequence of the action you depicted and it is shown at the first practice session for the University of Kansas basketball team each year.

It was from the repeated showings of that film that Dr. Forrest C. (Phog) Allen developed his pressing defense which he has used so effectively in recent years. It was largely through this defense that the 1952-53 team reached the finals of the NCAA where they bowed to Indiana by one point.

The mongoose film is used to show the coordination it takes to play the game of basketball and Phog has used it for a long time.

J. EDWARD TAYLOR JR.

Lawrence, Kans.



MOONGOOSE AND ALLEN AT WORK

● Dr. Allen succeeded Inventor Naim-Smith at Kansas in '08, has since won 750 games.—ED.

ADMIRING ADMIRAL

Sirs:

Your current issue has just arrived. I have never seen anything so interesting as the fight between the King Cobra and the mongoose and, therefore, cannot resist writing you to congratulate you.

It is, in fact, astonishing and I am going to have a lot of fun showing it to my kids.

RICHARD E. BYRD

Boston

● Thanks to Explorer Byrd who has seen many an interesting sight.—ED.

NEVER OVER THE HILL

Sirs:

Although we are original subscribers at our house, I have resisted writing down my thoughts about the magazine, or should I say one aspect of it, until now. I hope SI conveys to others what it conveys to me, and yet I'm afraid this is impossible unless a person has had a deep, lifelong interest in sports and what they stand for.

Your phrase, "The Wonderful World of Sport," is to me the finest possible description of your magazine. It catches the eye, it conveys so many things, and it can be interpreted in so many ways that I can no longer resist telling you what it means to me.

I recall—when I was 11, I believe it was—that my Dad got me and my older brother out of bed at 4 o'clock in the morning. We put on four pairs of socks, heavy undershirt, at least two shirts, a couple of sweaters and coveralls, plus a stocking cap. We poured scalding hot water on the manifold and cranked up the old Ford for a 12-mile ride to a little slough where we knew the mallards would be feeding.

The wonderful world of sport means getting up before daylight in the little town I lived in, and hurrying down to the tennis courts, and sitting on the court until daylight to be sure we'd have a court to play on. It means a basket in the backyard where all the neighborhood kids came before and after school and all day Saturday and Sunday. It means a box of magazines in the basement where we could shoot the rifle, a set of horseshoe stakes. It means football—first touch, then tackle, and then touch again. It means running around the track,

or pole-vauling with a broken javelin shaft when I weighed 60 pounds. It means sports idols, band music, cheering crowds, walking miles to play.

Then it means coaching in junior high, high school and college. It means officiating. It has its heartaches and its tense moments, but always its rewards. It means growing up, developing, maturing. It means what this country stands for, an opportunity, a way of life, something worth fighting for. It means an appreciation of skill developed to the ultimate degree of grace, ease, perfection, poise and confidence.

Of those things that make this country so great, certainly one is the freedom that is inherent in sports, the opportunity for all to compete, the recognition of anyone who has the ability, a wonderful way for youth and adults to spend their leisure hours. It can only happen in a country that stands for fair play, that provides the opportunity for all, that believes in its youth as its future leaders.

This is written by someone who never achieved more than a little local recognition in any of the many sports he participated in, who tried his hand at coaching, at officiating and always at encouraging youth to do better and keep trying. Some people would say people my age are over the hill, even though we still compete in golf, tennis, bowling, fishing, hunting and other sports. But a true sportsman is never over the hill if he really believes in what you so rightly call "The Wonderful World of Sport." It is truly just that—a wonderful world of sport.

MERLE F. OGLE

Montgomery, Ala.

LETTER FROM A WIFE

Sirs:

Before getting down to the main idea, I want to tell you that in our busy life my husband and I have time for only two magazines. There are SI and TIME. Before SI, we took another magazine, but had to drop that when SI came out. Naturally, we think it's wonderful!

I noticed the picture of the tennis players' wives. I have seen pictures of football players' wives, basketball players' wives, coaches' wives, even minor league owners' wives. But I've never seen one mention about the wife who suffers the most on the sporting scene—the sportswriter's wife. This is understandable, since such articles are written by sportswriters and men never give their own wives credit for anything!

My husband, Lee, is the sports editor of the Alton Evening Telegraph, circulation 29,000. For two years I've been a sportswriter's wife, hence I know of what I speak. Lee has the impossible job covering two colleges, five major high schools, 12 smaller high schools and three junior highs, with only the help of high school correspondents.

Unlike all the other wives mentioned, this wife never has a break any time from sports. The pressure is on her husband all year long. There is no season of the year that she can count on seeing her husband for any length of time, or having dinner on time. Her life is one mad whirl from football to basketball to baseball to softball, not to mention track, cross country and bowling. If the wife is quite fond of her husband she will take up following him to games, just so she won't forget what he looks like. Her entire conversation for the day will often consist in a few words while traveling from home to gym. He is off for

work at seven in the morning, gets home at night just in time to eat and leave for a game, and then goes to the office to write after the game. Naturally, there's no conversation at dinner because that's his only time to read SI.

Perhaps you feel the sportswriter's wife doesn't watch the game in anxiety like participating players' wives. But that isn't so. Her ears constantly burn from all the things she hears people say about her own true love. She watches in anxious worry as the verbal attacks on her husband get stronger and stronger. Sometimes she verbally attacks the attackers, in defense of her husband. But mostly she just prays. However, I have seen my husband attacked by a three-year-old child, whose father told him to "always hate that man."

Then, too, everyone she meets has something to say about her husband. People look shocked and say, "You married him?" And there are the letters, the 2:30 a.m. phone calls (Who won the Slippery Rock-Fort Hays State game?), the fun of finding your car with flat tires, and we've even been stoned by some fine kids.

Why would a wife put up with this kind of life? The only answer is that she's nuts about a guy who's nuts about this wonderful world of sport!

LUCY BAKER

Alton, Ill.

EXAGGERATION

Sirs:

YOUR ISSUE (24, JAN. 3) PRESENTS IN STRIKING MANNER THE EXTENT TO WHICH EUROPEAN SKI BOOTS NOW DOMINATE AMERICAN SKI SLOPES. THIS DOMINATION IS SOMEWHAT EXAGGERATED BY THE FACT THAT THE BASS SKI BOOT SHOWN THERE IS LABELED AS "SWISS-MADE."

G. H. BASS AND COMPANY HAVE BEEN MAKING SKI BOOTS FOR MORE THAN 35 YEARS. ALL OF OUR BOOTS ARE MADE IN OUR FACTORY AND CARRY OUR LABEL. OUR LINE NOW CONTAINS STYLES FOR DOWNHILL, JUMP, AND CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING. WE BELIEVE WE ARE THE ONLY AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS NOW MAKING A COMPLETE LINE OF SKI BOOTS.

IN SPITE OF THE INFLOX OF EUROPEAN BOOTS SINCE THE WAR, WE STILL FEEL THAT



U.S. MADE BASS BOOT

THERE IS ROOM ON AMERICAN SLOPES FOR AN AMERICAN-MADE BOOT ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR AMERICAN FEET AND AMERICAN CONDITIONS. WE ARE DOING OUR BEST TO SUPPLY AMERICAN SKIERS WITH THAT TYPE OF BOOT.

W. S. BASS,
PRESIDENT,

G. H. BASS & COMPANY

WILTON, MAINE

● Our apologies to Mr. Bass and his fine boot.—ED.



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